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STORY WEEKLY
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A Business Man's Solution

by Jack Woodford

THE steamer was nearing New York. Shortly the Statue of Liberty would appear against a background of skyscrapers and the trip would be ended.

Helene Carleton, 24, black-eyed, black-haired, small but exquisitely proportioned, stood at the rail watching, somewhat apprehensively, for the gift from France that would mean to her—not liberty, but the end of liberty. A hand touched her elbow and she ceased her gloomy regard of the curtain of fog and smoke shrouding the city's coastline.

"You, up so early?" the speaker smiled cheerfully, but a close observer would have seen that the smile was a manifestation of the facial muscles only. His eyes did not smile; they regarded the girl intently, eloquently. There was passion in their depths, yes, and hopelessness. Helene did not speak for some moments. When she did, it was without the least attempt to match his feigned gayety; she ignored his bantering question completely.

"Do you realize, Alan, that in a few short hours it will all be over?" The lines about the man's mouth tightened; he looked sadly in the direction in which the girl had been staring.

"Why the devil must these infernal steamship companies vie with each other in the matter of tearing across the ocean at break-neck speed? Why should they think people so anxious to forego the pleasures of an ocean voyage? Oh, Helene, if the darned old boat could only have thrown a rudder-blade, or something!"

"Or why," the girl broke in, "didn't the boat sink during the storm when only love was real? It would have been better to have gone into eternity with your strong arms about me, than to have lived——" She broke off hopelessly and perilously close to tears.

For many minutes she stood silently contemplating the water beyond the rail. It seemed to rise and fall in sympathetic agitation with her own bosom. She knew that the picture she saw in those restless waves would torment her in every hour of her future.

"Would She Ever Again Rest in Such Peace When the World Seemed Running to Ruin and Death Seemed to Have His Hand on the Wheel."

The terrific storm in midocean, and just when a tempest of passion threatened to sweep her into an abyss. The mountainous waves which broke over the boat, smashing in the port-hole glass and deluging her with spray. Her cry of terror, and then—sweet and terrible dream, Alan rushing into her stateroom, and, unmindful of the silken film of a gown which clung soddenly to her form, picking her up in his strong arms and carrying her quickly across the companionway to his own stateroom. The joy of it and the terror! Would she ever again rest in such peace when the world seemed running to ruin, and death seemed to have his hand on the wheel. His room, his bed, his arms—to have known them and to live denied them!

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Cruel sea, indeed, cruel in its kindness!

Alan looked down at the pale, wistful face. There was unspeakable anguish in his expression; he wanted to sweep her into his arms again and let the whole world go hang. Tears brought her relief at last and her slender body shook with suppressed emotion:

"Alan, take me back to Italy; don't let me go on—I can't bear the thought of leaving you."

Alan laid a hand on her shoulder and his touch seemed to bring her back to the realities of the situation.

"Madness!" she said with resolution. "People are coming on deck now; look, there comes the pilot. We've had enough yesterday to be sensible and look at things calmly."

"What kind of a man is your husband anyway?" he questioned at last.

"Oh, quite the proper thing in husbands—a stock broker, and a very successful one. I loved him madly when we were married, two years after my mother told me so! He thinks of nothing, save himself, ignores me when I am at home and complains when I am not; selfish to the very last—but don't talk about him; you shall see him shortly; he will undoubtedly meet me at the pier."

"The whole situation is impossible," she sighed. "Let's forget it now and talk of the conventional things one must talk of in New York. Don't you think we have had wonderful weather for our trip across?"

"D—n," he replied.

They descended the gangplank together and, pushing through the crowd, were at last confronted by a stocky little individual who embraced Helene formally, kissed her automatically and uttered the banal words required on such an occasion with exceptional grace. Helene spoke easily, thoroly in command of the situation.

"Meet my friend, Alan Carleton."

"Pleasdtametcha'm sure," murmured both men politely. After exchanging a few pleasantries; Alan turned to Helene.

"Mrs. Carleton, I must say good-by now, business—"

"You men and your business," Helene bantered, while Mr. Carleton smiled correctingly, "you're quite the most handsome young man would go to the devil and be quick about it, or else accompany his wife home; thereby relieving her husband from the painful necessity of doing so.

"If you remain in town, you must come out to dinner," remarked Helene with forced nonchalance.

Mr. Carleton, greatly bored, let his eye wander over the steamer appraisingly. Alan, making no reply, vocally, to Helene's last remark stepped suddenly forward, his face flushed and his eyes met for one brief instant. Then he turned, without a word, and disappeared in the throng. It was all over in a second but both felt as tho the end of the world—their world—had come.

"My goodness, what a strange sort of chap; where did you meet him?" remarked the rotund Mr. Carleton, following Alan's precipitate departure. "You don't look well, Helene," he added, "do you feel faint?" She did not reply.

They walked in silence to the comfortable Carleton landaulet and the drive toward Long Island and home started. Little was said. Both sat quietly, deep in thought, until, upon reaching their way, the restive husband was unable to stand the strain any longer.

"Sweetheart," he essayed, diplomatically, "I am sorry to have compelled you all the way, but er—I have just happened to think of a matter that needs my attention; I ah—let's see—if Thomas will leave me here in front a moment's detour for him to drop me at the office; of course, if you had any plans—you know—I—"

"Certainly dear," Helene broke in with the greatest show of animation she had evinced since her homecoming. "Go right ahead; I have so much to do—I really think it would be better."

Mr. Carleton arrived home promptly at 6 and Helene sent down her excuses when dinner was announced, unable to countenance the idea of putting food into her mouth.

ALAN had taken a taxi direct to the offices of his firm. Never in his thirty-five years of familiarity with New York had it seemed so unutterable stupid, so noisy, so full of futile humans rushing pell mell seeking—Lord only knew what. The city oppressed him terribly. He had half a notion to order the driver back to the docks and take the next out-going steamer. Before this vague idea could formulate into anything definite the taxi arrived at the building that housed the offices of his firm. He ascended, in the elevator, feeling the while as tho acting out an unpleasant dream from which he would presently awake to find himself at the rail of a steamer with the most beautiful, black-haired, black-eyed lithe form in the world at his side.

"Well, well, what you're looking great!" "Hello—well, if it isn't——" From all sides of the room the greetings flew. Alan smiled in spite of himself. Even Chester, the office boy, grinned from ear to ear. The greetings over, Alan and old man Hennessey, the chief, settled down to business.

"I want you to take a vacation," Hennessey began; "A good one—four months, six if you wish. Get a complete rest and then come back a job, a mighty big one. It will take the better part of two years and I've been holding it over for some time, awaiting your return. For the present Mr. Florence—well, from the reports I have had concerning it, I'm satisfied that you're the only man capable of undertaking this project. I want you then you tho; it's a tough proposition. A great deal to do down in Suva; an entire drainage system—they have never had anything of the kind—practically nothing there to work on—you'll have your hands full."

"Chief," Alan broke in, laying his hands upon his superior's knee—"will

(Continued on Page 19.)

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AN AERIAL SWITCH-BACK

by HOWARD DWIGHT SMILEY

"I HAVEN'T the proverbial one chance in a million," mused Harry Hill, as he stood alone on the south brink of the arroyo that divided the camp of Aranzazu Copper Company.

A man was descending the opposite declivity, making his way laboriously over the rocky trail, the stones of which were worn smooth by a century of wear by sandaled feet of Mexican peons.

It was barely two hundred yards across the arroyo on the level, but by the time one had scrambled down to the bottom of the cleft and up the opposite wall, he had consumed a good half hour of time, and he would be puffing like a wind-broken horse. The town of Aranzazu is situated high in the mountains, nine thousand feet above the sea level, and the air is very rarefied.

Harry had recognized the man as his friend, Mike Kelly, the boss of the diamond drill gang, and was waiting for him, knowing that he would ascend the southern declivity at that point.

The mining camp, usually teeming with activity at this hour of the day, seemed almost deserted. The machinery was silent and the thousand or more workmen, who should have been in evidence everywhere, were conspicuous by their absence. The few men in sight were, for the most part, Mexicans, who loitered in the shade or chatted together in groups. It was self-evident that each of them was armed with a rifle and heavy cartridge belt.

Mike finally arrived at the top of the arroyo, puffing stentoriously from his exertions. He greeted Harry with astonishment.

"I thought they had you in the cooler!" he exclaimed.

"They let me out half an hour ago," answered Harry quietly. "I guess I am one of the elect," he added with a nervous laugh.

"What! You don't mean——" Mike did not finish the sentence, but stared blankly at his friend, who nodded gloomily.

"The fugitive prisoner law," he said in a low tone. "I have until sundown."

"Till sundown! What are you loafing around here for then? Why don't you make a break?"

Harry laughed bitterly. "I'm caught like a rat in a trap, can't you see? Both the Oposicion trails are guarded by the rebels. It is useless to go toward Manzapil, for that way is blocked, too, and if I should succeed in getting over the mountains, they could easily catch me on the plain, for it is as bare as a billiard table. Look!"

Harry turned slowly, and following his line of vision, Mike saw a Mexican sitting on the steps of the old store building, fifty yards away. The man had a rifle across his knees, and seemed to be watching Harry from under a battered old sombrero.

"That is Jose Martinez," said Harry quietly. "He has been working under me in the San Antonio mine for two years, and always professed to be my friend. I helped him along to a better job. He went out with me when I led the men against the rebels, Monday. After they had licked us, he was glad enough to go over and enlist with the enemy, like the rest of his worthy brothers, and now he stands ready to shoot me down like a dog the minute I try to get away. There's a car over by the donkey engine. He's another."

Mike looked down at his feet gloomily. He kicked a stone over the edge of the arroyo and watched it rattle to the bottom before speaking.

"It looks ugly now," he said, shaking his head. "What made you mix up in this fool affair, anyhow? Why didn't you stick with the rest of us? We're not being molested."

"I was trying to save the mine," answered Harry. "I figured that of course the company would stand with the Federals, seeing that this property is a government grant."

"You didn't have to do it," grumbled Mike. "It ain't your diggings."

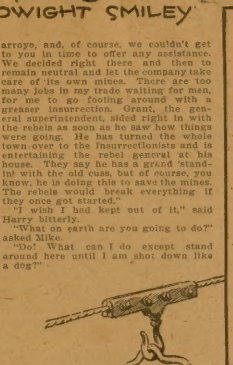
"I suppose I was too impetuous," admitted Harry. "I was down in the mine when Jose came running in with the information that the rebels were coming. I got my men together and hurried them outside, armed with pickaxes and shovels and any old thing they could find. The first thing we saw was a bunch of rebels coming at the head of the old Spanish trail, and I tried to rout them, killing three of them. I was beaten in the climb, but at the first shot my men broke and ran, not having any firearms to speak of, and the next I knew, they had me roped down and in jail. It seems now that they didn't meet with any real resistance in taking the town."

"No," said Mike. "The drill gang were all on the surface and saw the mix-up. You were on the other side of the arroyo, and, of course, we couldn't get to you in time to offer any assistance. We decided right there and then to remain neutral and let the company take care of its own mines. There are too many jobs in my trade waiting for men, for me to go fooling around with a greaser insurrection. Grant, the general superintendent, sided right in with the rebels as soon as he saw how things were going. He has turned the whole town over to the insurrectionists and is entertaining the rebel general at his house. They say he has a grand standing with the old cuss, but of course, you know, he is doing this to save the mines. The rebels would break everything if they once got started."

"I wish I had kept out of it," said Harry bitterly.

"What on earth are you going to do?" asked Mike.

"Do? What can I do except stand around here until I am shot down like a dog?"



The Man Had a Rifle Across His Knees, and Seemed to Be Peering Warily at Them From Under a Battered Old Sombrero.

As They Shot Out Into the Twilight, Mike Looked Up Apprehensively. The Abutments Were Deserted.

Mike Kelly clinched his hairy fists angrily.

"The dirty dogs! Blame it all, Harry, we can't let you go out like this! We gringos have got to stick together! We've got to figure out some way to save you! I'll see Grant."

"Grant!" laughed Harry. "He can't do anything! He's trying to save the mines, and you know as well as I, that he'll stand by his employers at any cost."

"I'll see him, anyhow," reiterated Mike. "He isn't going to let a fellow countryman be shot up by a lot of greasers just for the sake of a soulless corporation, if I know it! You stick around where I can get you quick, and I'll see the boys."

MIKE left his friend and climbed up the bluff to the drill shop, while Harry turned despondently away and walked slowly up the narrow gauge track to the San Antonio mine, which was one of the group owned by the Aranzazu Copper Company, and which he had held the position of mine boss for three years.

He gazed gloomily into the deserted tunnel, but dared not enter, for this move might be interpreted as an attempt to escape, by the dozen or more pairs of eyes he knew were watching for just such a move on his part, in order that they might consummate the murder for which they had been detailed.

The fugitive law had him in its toils. This law, which was enacted by the old government, some time before the present insurrection, applied principally to political prisoners, and consisted of loading the unhappy victim to the jail door and liberating him, with the stipulation that unless he made good his escape within a certain number of hours he would be shot down. The prisoner was allowed to go, but from the moment he left the jail door until he fell with from one to a dozen bullets in his back, he was under the surveillance of armed representatives of the law, who saw to it that he never escaped alive.

Harry Hill slowly retraced his steps along the tram track. He knew that his hour was near. They had given him until sundown and now the sun hung just above the ridge of Mount Alto. In less than ten minutes it would sink from sight, and then his Mexican executioners would tie with each other for the first shot at his defenseless back.

As he neared the drill shop he glanced inquiringly in that direction, and wondered if Mike had succeeded in formulating some scheme to save him from his impending doom. The shop seemed deserted and Harry was about to pass by when a low whistle attracted his attention.

He paused and looked about wonderingly. The whistle was not repeated, but instinctively he felt that it had been meant for him and continued looking about. Finally, happening to turn in the direction of the cable house, he saw the face of his friend, Mike Kelly, peering out thru the half open door and beckoning frantically.

Harry realized instantly that something was in the wind and looked about cautiously to see if the coast were clear. Some fifty yards behind him walked Jose Martinez, his rifle slung carelessly under his arm and his eyes peering alertly out from under the rim of his sombrero.

Harry measured the distance with his eye. In order to reach the cable house it would be necessary for him to drop over the ledge on which he stood, to some tracks ten feet below, in the cable yard. From there, it was about fifty feet to the door where Mike awaited him.

He sat down on the ledge and looked about carelessly, as if he were merely resting. Immediately his guard stopped, and after watching Harry suspiciously for a minute he also sat down on a small pile of ore on the opposite side of the tracks.

But one-half of the sun was now visible above Mount Alto. Harry realized that he must act quickly. Without a glance in the direction of the Mexican, he dropped to the tracks below and sprang across the space that separated him from the cable house.

A shout told him he had aroused the suspicions of the watchful Jose, and just as he reached the door, a rifle cracked and a bullet buzzed angrily by his head. An instant later, Mike had jerked him inside and was slinging a heavy iron bar across the solidly built door.

"Quick!" he shouted, as he sprang to the lever that released the drum on which the cable traveled. "Jump into that bucket."

"What are you trying to do, man?" gasped Harry. "You'll be——"

"Never mind me!" interrupted Mike angrily. "I am in this as much as you are now! Get into that bucket quick, before they head us off."

The report of the rifle had attracted the other rebels, as the fugitives could tell by the shouts from the outside. After a second's hesitation, Harry turned resolutely to the door and laid his hand on the bar.

"I am not going to get you into any such fix as this, Mike," he declared stoutly. "I'll go out and be shot if necessary, but they shan't kill you!" The cable drum was beginning to revolve rapidly, and with an angry exclamation, Mike sprang across the room, and seizing his smaller companion about the waist, he carried him to the bucket and threw him in. Quickly he ran the bucket off the side track on to the cable, and then scrambled in, crushing Harry to the bottom and holding him there.

The rebels were battering against the door, and Mike smiled grimly as he thought of how he had carefully removed all timbers and other implements that might be used as rams, from the inside of the cable house not ten minutes before. He felt confident that the Mexicans would be able to force in the heavy door until after he and Harry were well on their way.

The bucket was suspended by a curved hanger to the cable, which ran by gravity. The machine was such that the loaded bucket, going down, would pull up two empty buckets. These buckets were placed on the cable at the first time that the cable and the hangers were so arranged as to automatically switch the buckets on to stationary tracks at the two terminals.

The operation of the line was simple, the cable being suspended around huge wooden drums at each station, which could be instantly stopped or started by means of a brake that could be loosed or attached to the drums. Gravity did the rest. Therefore, once started, it was impossible for the rebels to bring the bucket back to the starting point until after it had passed the lower station.

The whole line was in operation up to the time the insurrectos had invaded Aranzazu and, therefore, there were a number of loaded buckets on the cable ahead of the men, which would keep the line running until after it had passed the lower station.

For perhaps a hundred yards the bucket traveled under a closed shed, and where it emerged it would be some twenty feet above the ground. Mike knew, however, that any soldiers standing on the abutments at the exit could easily shoot down into the bucket, and he cautioned Harry to crouch as low as possible and remain quiet.

AS THEY shot out into the twilight, Mike looked apprehensively. The abutments were deserted. The rebels were probably concentrated at the door of the cable house endeavoring to break it down, if, indeed, they had not already succeeded.

He straightened up with a sigh of relief and made room for his companion to rise up beside him. Their posi-

flame went cramped, as the bucket was only three feet in diameter and a little over four feet deep.

"Now you have done it!" exclaimed Harry, as he looked over the side of the swinging bucket. "You've killed us both!"

"We're a long ways from dead yet," grinned Mike. "We're on our way and they can't back out up to Sacramento unless they can fly."

"We can only go to Concepcion!" stormed Harry. "That town is also in the hands of the insurrectos, and all those greasers back there will have orders to shoot down and have us intercepted!"

"I know it!" admitted Mike cheerfully. "But I had to do something, didn't I? The other boys refused to mix up in this affair. I phoned over to Grant and he said he could not interfere as he had already had trouble enough getting inside the confidence of the rebel general, and didn't propose taking any chances by making unreasonable requests at this time. That put it up to me and I figured out this ruse and am doing my best to save you, and the only thanks I get for trying to be a real pal is that I'm just in an aggravated tone."

"Oh, I appreciate your good intentions," said Harry. "What I'm sore about is that you've gotten yourself into such a fix. My fate was already settled and I would have been safe now if you hadn't interfered, but that didn't make it necessary for you to die, too—Hello! What's that?"

The cable jerked suddenly, and an instant later the bucket was moving.

"They've broken into the cable house and applied the brake," grinned Mike. "Now, if they have a few more walkers in the bunch, he can run out here and shoot us. I don't know what else they can do."

"You seem mighty cool about this situation!" exclaimed Harry. "Have you any idea how we are going to get out of this fix?"

"Not the remotest," answered Mike, still grinning. "They've just jerked things and now we'll see where they end up."

Harry peered over the side of the bucket. They were about 1,000 feet above a rocky cleft in the mountains, fully five hundred feet above ground. The bucket had described a distance of over a mile since they had started and was now well on the way toward Concepcion del Oro.

There were three ways to reach Concepcion Aranazeu—one by the cable, another, by the old trail, built by the Spaniards several centuries ago and now but little used because of its dangerous condition, and the third, by the new trail, built by the mining company. It was now impossible to approach the fugitives by the cable. The nearest point to which either trail approached them was over a mile distant, and the intervening space was impossible except by long and arduous climbing on foot. Even if their partners did succeed in reaching a point below them, the heavy steel bucket would be ample protection against their bullets.

Still, they could not remain suspended in mid-air forever. For nearly half an hour, they remained silent, each apparently watching in every direction for evidence of pursuit. Harry was beginning to wonder what the outcome would be, when the cable started again.

"Here we go!" shouted Mike gleefully. "These greasers have finally figured it out, just as I expected they would. They've phoned down to Concepcion to have us intercepted, and now we're on our way."

"But we'll be carried right into their arms!" expostulated Harry. "We are more at their mercy than ever!"

"That'll be better for us all right," chuckled Mike, "but I've got one more trick up my sleeve that they haven't reckoned on."

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"We'll go back to Aranazeu," answered Mike.

"Go back! How? We can't fly man!"

"Just wait a minute and I'll show you," grinned Mike.

At irregular intervals along the cable line, were erected skeleton steel towers, varying in height from twenty to one hundred feet. These were placed as supports and guides for the cable, wherever the latter approached the uneven surface of the mountain close enough to connect with them.

Mike pointed ahead to one of these towers about fifty feet distant. "When we come near that next steel tower, you grab it and swing loose and get into the skeleton work," he instructed Harry. "I'll try and make it with you, but if I don't I'll get off at the next tower and come back."

Harry grasped his intentions instantly and stood up in the bucket in readiness to seize hold of the arm that projected out from the tower as a support and guide for the cable.

The men were lucky, for both succeeded in grasping the arms of the tower swung by, and a second later they were swinging in mid-air, while the empty bucket shot on without them. Hand over hand, they made their way to the tower, and a minute later they were on the side arm which guided the receding cable on the opposite side.

In a few second, an empty bucket came along, and by swinging hold on the cable above it, the two men succeeded in swinging themselves into it. Not without considerable risk, however, for the bucket swayed and rocked and threatened to capsize until they had squatted down in the bottom.

"There!" said Mike, with a grunt of satisfaction, "now we're playing tag with those greasers in a manner they least expect! Now, if they've done what a Mexican naturally will do, they are right now storming up the trail to Concepcion in an effort to get there in time for the killing. Keep your head down and don't let any one see us, and if the cable house is empty we'll be—"

"Right where we started!" interrupted Harry. "Only now you are in it as well as I. Why don't you keep out of it, you white Irishman?"

"Because I'm trying to save your hide you unappreciative Texas ranger!" retorted Mike genially. "Now shut up and lie low; we're getting near home."

THE return trip was accomplished inside of ten minutes, and as the bucket entered the long shed the fugitives rose apprehensively to their feet and peered anxiously ahead. The drum room was empty. As Mike had anticipated, Harry's death watch was probably hurrying down the trail to Concepcion in the hope of arriving there in time to participate in the pleasure of killing a gringo.

The two men jumped from the bucket as it rounded the curve to approach the drum, and looked about.

The battered door hung by one hinge. It was evident that the heavy iron bar had held well.

He peered cautiously out thru the open door. It was now quite dark, and there was not an insurrecto in sight.

"They've all gone down to our funeral," chuckled Harry in an undertone. "Now come on. We'll go up the tram track past your old mine, and from there we'll hit the Santa Rosa trail over the south range, switch on to the Atazapil down to the plain and intercept the railroad this side of Concepcion."

He slid out the door closely followed by Harry, crossed the cable yards, and a moment later they pulled themselves up on the upper tracks and were hurrying away in the darkness.

About midnight, a train consisting of an engine and one coach, formerly the private car of the general manager of the Aranzazu Copper Company, but now confiscated by the rebels and probably full of Insurrectos, stopped at one of the little stations along the route between Concepcion del Oro and Saltillo, to take water.

Just before it pulled out again, two bareheaded figures dodged out from behind a clump of mesquite bushes and crawled under the coach and on to the trucks, where they stretched out, clinging to the brakebeam.

Three hours later, when the train pulled into the yards at Saltillo, these same men crawled from under the car, very black, dusty and tired, and dodging thru the yards made escape action, hurried by a roundabout route to the Hotel Romo, where they were greeted with exclamations of amazement by several of their countrymen.

"We had a telephone that you were shot last night in Concepcion!" exclaimed one.

"Not us," grinned Mike Kelly. "Any old time a bunch of greasers can outwit an Irish-American diamond drill operator and a Texas ranger, they're going some!"

Pea-Green Politics

By V. Kent Meader

I.

BRANDON, of Brandon and Bennett, pounded his desk furiously.

"I tell you, Bennett, you're a joy-killer! As a mining machinery manufacturer you're a first-class undertaker."

"Well then," retorted Bennett sourly, "send the poor fish—but I tell you it won't do any good. But call the false alarm in and talk to him."

"It can't do any harm to send him, Martin."

"Nor any good, either. But you're the senior partner and always have your own way. Call him in—I'll listen."

The false alarm, otherwise the poor fish was at that moment in the outer office engaged in the joyous pastime of flirting lightly and airily with the stenographer.

"Just a moment, Miss Jasper," he said calmly as Brandon threw open his door and beckoned to him. "I'll be back after I settle the dispute. I'll bet Brandon wants to give me a thousand dollar raise and Bennett is balking. Excuse!"

"Needn't hurry back on my account," said Miss Jasper. "My guess is that you are fired."

However, she smiled as she said it. Every one of the office force smiled. It was a real joke. When Bill Brandon fired Peppy Boone, the salesman who had sold more machinery the previous year than the rest of the sales force combined, the offices would be vacated soon after and a few rent slugs would make its appearance. So Miss Jasper smiled as she spoke and Peppy Boone smiled back at her.

"You said it, Sister," he boomed, and vanished into the inner office. "Bennett is spoiling the fun, but I'll bet the decision as he carelessly took the chair indicated by the senior partner.

"Boone," jerked out Brandon, "can you sell Obaldia & Son a quarter million dollars' worth of our machinery?"

"I can," stated Boone succinctly, "sell any one anything. Where do Obaldia & Son hang out? I never heard of them."

"Panama."

"Panama! I don't talk Spigotty, but the stuff is as good as sold. When do I start?"

"D'ye hear?" yelled Bennett. "I told you he couldn't! He starts out at the very beginning by insultin' them Spigotty. He'll be run out of town inside of six hours."

He paused suddenly and blew his nose with a loud honk of disapproval.

Brandon looked Boone over carefully. He saw a cheerful young chap of thirty or so, stalwart of form and ruddy of cheek lounging carelessly but by no means insolently before him, despite his knowledge of the morning's work. He had a good percentage of Brandon & Bennett's trade left also. Brandon looked cautiously into a page of figures, and the embodiment of cheerfulness and vim.

"Boone," said he, choosing his words carefully, "this is a delicate matter to us—to you also. You know as much about the business as I do, and you know that at the present moment, while we are doing a very good business, we are not among the Rockefeller, Morgan, Ford ranks—not by any manner of means. But you know what a quarter million sale would do for us right now. If we place us well on the road to that sale—and it would lift you into the chair of junior partner in charge of sales. You talk big here, but can you make good in your eyes when you brag loudest, Bennett can't. I don't know what you do outside, but you've got a reputation in orders hand over fist. Can you land this one or do I have to go myself?"

Boone sat back cheerfully, favoring equally the glowering Bennett and the serious-faced Brandon.

"I never knew you never could," he answered, "and you know it, so why pull the bluff about going yourself. I repeat, when do I start?"

"You listen to a two-hour lecture first!" Here" He held out the box and Boone helped himself to a fat cigar. After lighting it and assuring himself that it was drawing nicely, composed himself to listen.

"That's all," snapped Brandon two hours later. "Get out! Ask the cashier for some money. I don't want to see or hear a thing of you until you send in the order. You leave Friday—tomorrow. Everybody speaks English in Panama, so you needn't worry. Good-by and good luck." He held out his hand coldly, and Bennett stopped chewing his cigar long enough to shake hands also.

"I never worry," said Boone, helping himself to a handful of cigars.

"Then for God's sake remember that we've got to live on our own profits," cried Brandon as the door closed behind the salesman.

"You're crazy," muttered Bennett.

"Martin, you're a plain d——d fool!"

"Brag and bounce! He talks too much!"

"On the contrary, he talks just enough to bring in the orders."

"Anyway, you're wrong this time. You should have fired him."

"I'm the senior partner," returned Brandon quickly; "but, Martin, I couldn't fire a salesman who followed me down where Boone could sell a tomato as a ruby. That's the difference. Now shut up."

Peppy Boone, cheerful and confident, walked thru the outer office without seeing Miss Jasper's provocative smirk. Higher things were occupied his mind as he made for the cashier's desk, and he was blissfully unaware that the smirk changed to a scowl and the certain lady muttered to herself, "Musta got the raise—he's sure got the big-head in two hours. Ah! I get you, I get you."

"Here's Boone, come to ask a boon," said the cashier jocosely. "How much in it this time, Peppy?"

Boone said as much by sheer personality as by the aid of the fact that he sold the best machinery on the market. The two facts tripled his trade. His personality worked when he wasn't selling. He grinned amiably at the pun, tho he had heard it every time he had drawn expense money for more than three years. Another person would frown and say "Old stuff." Boone laughed as if hearing a real joke for the first time. "Don't know, Jim," he said. "I'm going to Panama."

"How long?" demanded Jim.

"Oh, a day or two, I guess," came Boone's reply.

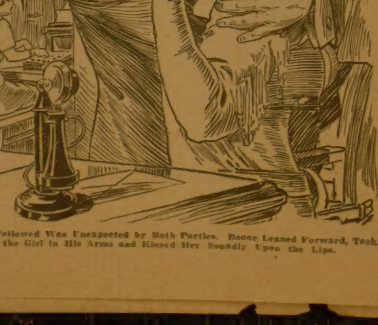
II.

"THIS," remarked Boone sagely, "is where the straw hats come from. I don't know Obaldia & Son myself, for me at the dock. In fact no one seems to know that I'm here."

The boat had just entered Limon Bay, and two launches were bearing down upon the steamer as if intent on suicide. Two hours after Boone landed at Cristobal he stepped from the train in Panama City. He was not a believer in procrastination and wasted no time in wandering about the streets. Registering at the American House he made pregnant inquiries and made straight for the offices of Obaldia & Son.

It was more than ten minutes later when he stood before the ancient and imposing structure and paused at everything in sight genially. Throwing away his cigarette stub he mounted the stone steps and entered. He found himself in a room resembling the ante-chamber to the reception-room of a potentate, where in were several young men busily engaged in various and sundry performances upon American-made typewriters. Boone stared in awed wonder. If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes he'd never believed that seven typewriters of the same make and model could have

(Continued on Page 11.)



What Followed Was Unexpected by Both Parties. Boone Leaned Forward, Took the Girl in His Arms and Kissed Her Soundly Upon the Lips.

DESTINY AND THE MAN

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

I.

ONE of the surest safeguards of civilization's future lies with the men who stack up ordinarily as common clay, but have hidden in their souls the faculty of rising to fill a vital need. Wars develop them, and so does big business, and now and then even the grind of everyday life turns out one. These are men of Destiny

II.

BIG TOM LANE, rugged and brown-bearded, broad-hatted and high-booted superintendent of the Cabin Creek logging operations, was not a man of Destiny. He was a born woodsman and a clod. But he was a good clod, and in the earthiness of him there was gold. The great aim of his life had been to bring up well his lone and motherless daughter, who now was 19, and none could say that he had left even a pebble unturned in his worthy effort. To make Catherine a lady—that was all in the world that mattered, to Tom Lane.

Being a clod, he was hardly the person to rise to fill a vital need. But he would stoop to fill one. He was a man of sacrifice.

The Cabin Creek camp consisted of two rough buildings in a woods clearing of an acre or so on the stream's west bank. The biggest of the buildings served as a boarding-house for the lumber-jacks; the smaller held the company's general store in three-fourths of it, and Tom Lane's office cut out by a partition in the other fourth. The office was plainly furnished, of course. There was a scarred roll-top desk with an oil lamp on it, a scarred swivel-chair, a soap-box or two. In the corners of the room were axes and peavies. On the rough wall above the desk hung a calendar with bold figures, with the June leaf showing; and sticking thru the "10" and into the wall beyond was an old jackknife to mark the date—the camp's pay day.

It was the 10th of the month now, and Lane sat at his desk, with a stack of blank pay-envelopes before him and a pencil gripped in his mighty fingers. He glanced up at the calendar, rose suddenly and drew the knife out and placed it beside the lamp, and sat down again. Just then the sounds of laughter and joking reached his ears, and he snatched out his watch; the day's work was over, and the crew had come in from the nearby woods. Lane was surprised to know that it was so late.

Then he saw, thru a window to his left, a slender and roundish, graceful young feminine figure come into the camp clearing by way of a woods path that led from his cabin home a quarter of a mile away, and his eyes lighted idolatrously.

The lumberjacks, too, saw her, and their laughter and joking fell away quickly to silence. Catherine had shortly before come home from prep school to spend the summer with her father, and hers was the not altogether enviable distinction of being the only woman in that immediate wilderness section.

Tom Lane was indeed a zealous guardian. A frown gathered on his bearded face when he noted the sudden silence of his logging crew; it had broken upon him that the men were drinking Catherine in with their eyes—and he knew that some of them were not good eyes. He half turned in his chair and sent his gaze narrowly thru the open office doorway. He saw "Basher Joe" Peele touch his woodsman's clothing here and there in mock fastidiousness, set his wide-rimmed hat rakishly on one side of his head, and wink slyly at his associates. Peele was dark, cunning, as big as Tom Lane, and the Cabin Creek camp's acknowledged bully.

"Watch me!" crowed Peele, his voice low.

Lane's sensitive ears caught it. His face went hard. Peele swaggered dudishly out of the superintendent's range of vision, going to meet the girl, and the other loggers looked on with keen interest. Lane turned his gaze back to the window. He saw his daughter stop midway of the clearing, her youthful eyes wide and fixed ahead of her in sober speculation. Another moment, and Peele was standing before her and talking a streak, evidently with the impression that he was making a decided hit both with Catherine and the woods crew.

"Watch me!" echoed big Tom Lane, to himself.

He shot up from his desk-chair and strode swiftly out. Catherine's face now wore a tiny smile of oddly mixed amusement and disgust as Peele talked on. Then Lane caught Basher Joe by a shoulder from behind and sent him spinning to a full twenty feet away.

"That's that!" snapped Lane.

"Daddy!" Catherine cried frightenedly.

Peele recovered his equilibrium and stood staring at his superintendent with a surprised and somewhat foolish smile. The rest of the crew crept forward, their jaws hanging, their manner curious but respectful; Lane had shown them plainly what they had to look forward to if they paid too much attention to his idolized daughter. Peele's smile faded and his beady eyes glowed with a fast-mounting rage. That which might have happened had not the company's pay roll messenger come riding into the clearing from the road that led cityward, may only be guessed at.

Lane took the small leathern pay roll satchel and scrawlingly signed a receipt that made him personally responsible for the disposition of the more than nineteen hundred dollars. The camp's cook, an apron tied about his waist, appeared in the boarding-house doorway with a hammer and began to beat upon a short length of railroad-iron that hung conveniently near; it was the gong for supper at the Cabin Creek camp. The crew, with the exception of Joe Peele, broke and ran for the boarding-house. Peele stood with his arms folded, apart, stealing ill-meaning glances now and then at Catherine. What he wanted, he took—that was Basher Joe's code. Lane wound up a little conversation with the messenger:

"Go to supper with them. Your horse needs rest."

The messenger was not reluctant about accepting the Cabin Creek superintendent's invitation. He tethered his horse, put on its feed-bag, and followed the crew. Catherine touched her father's arm, a touch that in itself was a caress. She was anything but unappreciative of the countless sacrifices he had made for her.

"Your supper is ready, too," she smiled.

Peele, still standing apart from them, flashed a narrow look at the pay-satchel, but neither of the Lanes saw it. Lane nodded almost reverently to

She Looked at Him in Admiration. Then She Turned Toward the Camp Again and Called Resignedly Over Her Shoulder, "Then Come on, Bulldog."

his daughter, tapped the pay-satchel significantly with his free hand, and gently motioned her off homeward. She walked toward the trail, and Lane turned to Poole, whose jaw was set hard, and stated in a businesslike way:

"I've saved enough money to send her to college in September, Bash, to make a fine lady. She's better than me, and she's better than you."

As the he deemed that explanation sufficient to settle the matter forever, he went briskly to his office. Basher Joe watched him in the manner of one who was thinking desperately. It is a good deal more than possible that Peele was trying to think of some means of keeping the ultra-charming Catherine from going to college!

Lane dropped into his desk-chair, put the pay-roll satchel on the floor at his left foot, and at once began to write names and amounts on the pay envelopes. Basher Joe Peele walked slowly past the office doorway, glanced in, and indulged in a figurative wink to himself at that which he saw on the floor at Lane's foot. Next, Peele ambled to the rear of the cabin, fiddling away with the toe of his boot slyly kicked a little tangle of wire from a pile of rubbish. Then he went to the cook-house for supper, and before he had finished the meal he was cracking jokes with the rest of the crew. Afterward, he made to his recent rough handling by the superintendent, however. The other loggers left him to his own devices. That, to them, ranking Basher Joe was but a unique form of suicide.

Darkness swooped down over the camp. Tom Lane lighted the oil lamp on his desk, and continued to work industriously at the pay-roll envelopes. The crew gathered in the store to wait for their month's wages, and with them was that individual mentioned.

When names and amounts had been written on all the envelopes Lane reached for the satchel—and it was gone!

The big woodsman went to his feet, ashen-faced. He tried to laugh at his fears, and looked on the floor at side of his chair. From floor to ceiling he searched the office, hoping against hope that he would find the missing money. No company had ever trusted him to its sorrow—and that he, Tom Lane, had been honest to the core of his soul.

But the more than nineteen hundred dollars was gone!

Lane was not long inactive. He snatched open a drawer of his desk, took a heavy revolver, and strode rapidly from the office. The next minute his huge figure blocked the store's front doorway. He fell on the chief crew, the clerk, and the pay roll messenger. The superintendent, his eyes ablaze, stalked into the middle of an avenging giant, his revolver ready. Without a word he peered into their faces, one by one—and by one they returned his piercing stare as guiltless men who didn't know what it was all about. Basher Joe Peele was the last a little better, perhaps, than any of the rest of them.

"You can pay off until tomorrow, boys," Lane said finally.

He walked out. Peele's cunning, beady eyes now held an awful light, as of an unworthy triumph.

The rambling old Lane cabin stood out softly against its background of woods in the moonlit night. Vines grew over it caressingly, flowers bloomed in the beds among them many cheerful-looking, big yellow daisies with dark centers. The living-room and the dining-room were the same, and plainly but comfortably furnished; the couch and the wide rocking-chair looked especially inviting; a ride in wooden hooks above the mantel gave a touch of the picturesque. In a place of honor on one of the walls, in a shining gilt frame, was the enlargement of a photograph of Laney dead wife. Except for the color of her hair, one might have sworn that it was a picture of Catherine, so strikingly was the resemblance between them.

When big Tom Lane stepped in from the night, Catherine was just steaming supper on the table. She ran joyously to meet him, then stopped, frozen into a living statue by the tragedy she saw on his face.

"What—what has happened, Daddy?" she stammered unsteadily.

He didn't answer. It was as tho he hadn't heard. He went to the gilt-framed picture and stood gazing at it tensely, while Catherine stole to his side and watched him and wondered at his deep stricken silence. Then an inquiring hand on his arm. He didn't notice it. To Tom Lane the picture was fading—he was looking backward, beyond nineteen years of his life's riven face—

He saw a young woman, his wife, fatally ill in a poorly furnished cabin room. On the pillow beside her a tiny babe swept sweetly. And a bedside knelt a stalwart young man, his face buried in the bedclothes—himself nineteen years before. Later out of the bed stood a middle-aged doctor and an old woman nurse with solemn faces. The sick woman passed a hand feebly thru her husband's hair, glanced at the sleeping infant, and smiled—

"Name her Catherine. Educate her, Tom. Make her a fine lady."

The young Tom Lane lifted his stricken face, caught his dying wife's hand and pressed it to his lips, drew reverently a little closer. Bright-eyed, consumed wholly by the mother spirit everlasting, the woman pointed weakly to the baby and went on in a series of broken whispers:

"If it's necessary, steal for her—kill for her. As for me, I'm dying for her."

Young Tom Lane, that broken-hearted man, choked out:

"I promise."

From Lane came back to himself and the iron present with a start. He turned to his daughter, and forced himself to smile. She drew his head down and kissed him. He glanced toward the front door and said:

"Kitten, I must go back to the camp for a few minutes."

She smiled at him tenderly, and nodded. He hastened out and closed the door behind him. On the narrow footbeaten path, spanned the creek midway of the quarter-mile path, he stopped, plainly in indecision;—he lifted a tragic face to the moon; then he stiffened himself, and hurried onward.

As he walked into the camp clearing, he came upon the pay-roll messenger, who was on horseback and starting for the city.

"Go to the office with me," growled Lane, authoritatively.

The messenger dismounted and dropped his horse's reins, and went to the office with the superintendent. The lamp on the desk was still burning. Lane sat down in the swivel chair, and, with great reluctance showing in his every movement, took from a pigeon-hole of the desk a folding check book that showed to his credit a balance of $1,942.50, the money he had starved himself to save against the time when he must send Catherine to college. His manner that of one who commits insufferable vandalism, he took up a pen and scrawled a check to the Cabin Creek Lumber company for $1,941.06—which left an even, pitiful dollar and a half to pay his daughter's way thru an expensive college. The check he slowly blotted and passed to the waiting messenger, who accepted it wonderingly.

Basher Joe Peele walked in at that moment, held up a cigar, and asked for a match. Lane gave him a stare that sent him out forthwith. Then the superintendent turned back to the messenger with this:

"I was robbed, and I'm makin' good. Bring me another pay-roll tomorrow."

He rose and extinguished the lamp's flame.

When Tom Lane sat down to supper with his daughter not long afterward, he seemed almost devilishly gay. The golden heart of the child had forged a mask for its suffering.

On the following morning, Lane found in the scrub near the camp a few yards of wire that had a hook bent into one end, and he jumped at a conclusion. The wire, he learned upon measuring, was just long enough to reach nicely from the office door to his desk-chair, beside which he had placed the pay-satchel just before the robbery.

"That's sure how—but who got it?" he muttered to himself.

He gave it up. Of course, being a simple woodsman, he wasn't especially clever. Which is not much to hold against him.

III.

IN THE nearest city, that strange Thing that we call Destiny for lack of a better term was staging a little "party" on the night of the Cabin Creek pay-roll theft. Three young men in dress suits and silk hats—young men who represented more money than was good for them or anybody else, made up the "party." Two were of ordinary size and build, and of an exceedingly smart and up-to-date, but slender style; the third was sort. The third was big, strong, handsome, and also worthless in his present status, but there was a shade of hope for him. His name was William Brighton; he lived all alone, except for two servants, an old negro and his wife, in a fine, big house. His friends called him "Willie," and it was somehow getting hard to call him Will, or Bill, or even Billy, or Billy, or even Billy, or even Billy, or even

Fighting Sand

By FREDERICK C. DAVIS

MERELY a bit of paper fluttering atop a wooden stake driven into the ground meant the world to Blake and Tazewell. It represented their claim to the placer gold mine which they had struck after months of fruitless, dreary labor. They had discovered the deposit that day at noon; it was one of the richest in the new gold country. In the lightless shack, as Blake slept and industriously dreamt of his ended hardships and the luxurious future before him, his rosy visions was rudely dispersed by the rough shaking of a hand which gripped his shoulder. His eyes fluttered open; thru the dark he discerned the face of Tazewell, his partner, pushed close to his.

"What's the matter?" he inquired sleepily.

"Get out o' that bunk," Tazewell commanded curtly. "We're goin' to hoof it."

Blake blinked. "What for?"

"Get a move on! Don't sit there and look. If you want to still have a mine to your name at sun-down you better move! Look! Look that will you!"

He extended a soiled bit of paper toward Blake, who lighted a lantern and by its yellow light discovered that, while the paper declared his own mine, it claimed ownership, not for himself and Tazewell, but for one Bert Powell.

"Bert Powell!" he exclaimed.

"The low-down critter!" Tazewell barked. "Begin pullin' them boots o' yours on, will you? I'll tell you about it while you get goin'. That Indian what came to us yesterday asked for grub—he told me. Grateful Indian, he was; he woke me up not long ago; he said Powell, who has been cammin' around where the strikes are bein' made, sneaked over to our claim in the dark, tore our paper outa the stake and put his own in."

"He's tryin' to jump our claim!"

"Nothin' else. Right this minute he's headin' for the recorder's office at Berikill, signin' on gettin' legal claim to our mine."

"But the mine's ourn. We worked our fingernails plumb off huntin' for it. We ate ham-bones and rotten biscuit and sold everything we had so's we could live, until we found it. That mine don't belong to Powell!"

"I know that as well as you do, but that won't mean anything if he gets to the recorder's office first and claims it. If he gets the mine recorded in his name we're the losers—our mine is gone. It's a crooked, dirty deal, but that'll get us. The only way we can beat him is to get to the recorder's office afore he does. We've got to hit that trail right now. We let no such ornery crook as Bert Powell sneak our mine outa our fingers."

Blake stood up, thinking but wait a minute. We got to cross the desert, Tazewell."

"Sure we got to cross the desert. It'll take us all night, all of tomorrow, all tomorrow night, and part of the next day, but we'll get there—we got to."

Blake hesitated. "Tazewell, there is some men I hate like pizen, and I shore kin hate 'em. There is some men I hate from the bottom of my boots, and I hate a rattlesnake the worst of all; but I'd bunk with any worst critter on earth or rattlesnake for breakfast afore I'd cross that there desert. I hate deserts worse than anything else in the world. They'll kill you."

"You're an old fool!" Tazewell snapped. "We're goin' to hit out across that desert, both of us. We got to go together so we can back up our claim in case Powell and us hits the recorder's office about the same time. There's our canteens—you fill 'em."

Instead, Blake sank to his bunk. "Oh, we're beat, we're beat! We ain't got no ponies, Tazewell; you know we sold 'em. How're we goin' to get across that desert?"

"Well, you old idjit, we got our feet—that's how we're goin' to get there. Powell ain't got a pony, either; he lost it in a stud game yesterday. It's a footrace between us across the desert to the recorder's office. We can't even take our burro; we'd have to carry water to give him, and we're going to strip our packs to next to nothing for speed. Buck up, there; are you goin' to let a yella streak separate you from the only gold you ever struck? I know you better'n to think that. I'll put some biscuit in this pack-sack, and you fill the canteens. We gota start right out, Blake. Powell's already gone."

"Already gone!"

"He's got the start on us. When the Indian told me he'd seen Powell switch the papers in the stick, I went to investigate. The Indian told the truth, because Powell has pulled camp. He's gone. And right this minute he's headin' for the recorder's office."

SPURRED by this realization, Blake filled the canteens. Tazewell put hard biscuits into a pack-sack; he swung it over his shoulder and took one of the canteens, while Blake swung the other. Before they passed thru the door of their shack, Blake strapped his six-shooter to his hip.

"If we meet Powell," he said grimly, "we won't have no cause for speed after that. The low-down varmint."

They strode from the cabin and, without wasting energy in speech, began their long trek. The dark sky was spangled with spots of light; the ground around them was black. Its hardness changed to a resilient softness as they reached the edge of the desert, which stretched away from them like a blue-black carpet. Blake shuddered as they launched over the velvet surface.

"Sand! Nothin' but sand! I shore do hate sand! I'd ruther walk thru a den of Gulia things than go across this desert. I'm tellin' you, Tazewell, this desert will get us. It always gets somebody."

"Shut up!" Tazewell admonished. "Looky there!"

He pointed forward. The rolling ground sloped to a horizon hundreds of yards in front of them; and at the crest of the mound, a tiny, moving speck was silhouetted against the luminous sky.

"That's Powell!" Blake exclaimed.

"Shut up!" Tazewell repeated, "and walk!"

They continued speechlessly. Their boots abraded a trail in the sheen of the sand; farther and farther from the edge of the desert they progressed, and closer to the center of that great arid sea. Under the moon is shone a vast expanse of nakedness. After hours of traveling, the blackness at the eastern horizon yielded to a pink glow which gradually drifted toward the zenith. Then the sun, bursting with heat, crawled over the horizon like a red demon from his lair, and heated the sand to scathing heat. As it blazed slowly across the sky, Blake and Tazewell did not halt their determined plodding.

The form which they had sighted in front of them had drifted far off to the right, in the darkness, and had disappeared. With the coming of light they could catch no sight of it; they reflected regretfully that Powell was making better speed than they, and so prodded themselves to additional efforts, at the the night of continual walking had sapped their strength. Now and again they unscrewed the caps of their canteens and swigged large mouthfuls of the warm water. As they walked they munched dry biscuit. They indulged in no conversation, but now and then explosive expressions of hate of the desert broke from Blake.

The sand gripped at their heels like fingers, tangling their feet and making every step an added exertion. They yearned to rest, but spurred themselves on so that they might reach the recorder's office as soon as possible. Four months of back-breaking toil had been expended by the partners before they had located the placer which they had staked; it represented the universe to them. Without it they faced poverty and starvation. The determination to reach the recorder's office before the criminal Powell for this reason did not cease to recede from their minds, although the weariness of their frames was intense, and the heat which beamed down on them from above, and which was reflected into their faces from below by the sand, was a torture.

The merciless sun moved with maddening slowness toward the west. When finally its lower edge touched the rim of the world of sand, both miners noted the diminishing of the heat with gladness. A long day's toil, unbroken by a single stop, lay behind them; they were tramping now thru the very heart of the desert.

"The desert's goin' to get us," Blake chanted. "It's goin' to get us. It always gets somebody."

"Oh, dammit, sing another song, will yuh?" Tazewell shouted in exasperation.

Their voices sounded strangely small in the great emptiness around them. When the sun sank from sight, giving prospects of coolness to replenish their strength, a mutual glance gave mutual consent for a necessary stop. They sank to their knees and lolled on the sand, on the verge of exhaustion. They half-lay during moments of delicious rest. Blake finally straightened for another swig at his canteen. He raised it to his lips and swallowed several gulps of the warm water; paused, smacked his lips, and raised the canteen again. As he did so a sharp crack echoed from the right. Blake's canteen was suddenly jerked from his hands by an invisible force and flung into the sand a few feet distant. When he recovered from his surprise he grabbed at it, for the water was trickling out and wetting the sand. He righted it as the last drop of precious fluid escaped thru a jagged hole which had been pierced thru both sides of the canteen.

He held the punctured container before him in blank wonder; then saw that the hole in the tin had been cut by a bullet.

"It's a bullet-hole!" he exclaimed.

Immediately he sprang sideways. Behind a huge cactus plant to their right a form was fleeing into the distance, darting between rows of the huge vegetation.

"Powell!" he shouted.

He jerked out his six-shooter and starred angrily forward; he had run a score of steps when a warning shout from Tazewell halted him.

"Come back here! Come back here!"

Blake paused. He glanced back interrogatively.

"Come back here," Tazewell called. "You can't get him. You can't reach him. You can't go after him in this desert. Come back here."

He realized that to chase Powell over the sandy wastes was folly; so reluctantly he rejoined Tazewell. He again picked up the punctured canteen.

"Not a drop in it!" he moaned, as he upturned it.

Blake's Canteen Was Suddenly Jerked From His Hand by an Invisible Force, and Flung Into the Sand a Few Feet Distant.

IT WAS evident that Powell had caught sight of them following him, had waited for them while hidden behind the cactus plant, and had deliberately pierced their canteen with a bullet so that they might lose their supply of water—which might make it impossible for them to reach the recorder's office.

"The skunk!" Blake blazed. "The skunk!"

"Listen, Blake," Tazewell said suddenly. His voice was hollow; his face was grim. "Listen here, Blake. Your water is all gone. Mine—"

He shook his own canteen beside his head, then wagged his head negatively.

"If there's a quart in there," he said, "there's five gallon."

They exchanged meaningful glances. Suddenly Blake blurted again:

"I told you the desert would get us! It always gets somebody! I told you—"

"Shut up! Listen here, Blake. We got a fighting chance. That was a pretty a shot as I've seen; we got to give credit to Powell for that; but it shore leave us a chance. Blake, we got less'n a quart of water between us, and we got a day and a half to go yet."

Blake stared at Tazewell wordlessly.

"But here's not enough water here," Tazewell continued, "to carry us both to town. If we both tried to get there, we'd both fail."

Blake continued to stare.

"The water we got left," Tazewell went on, "might get one of us here. One of us, you understand. Not both; one of us."

Blake laughed crazily. "We're done for! The desert's got us! The desert's got us!"

"Oh, dammit, shut up! The desert hasn't got us. I mean, it hasn't got both of us."

Blake's eyes narrowed.

"Only one of us can get thru to the recorder's office," he said.

"Yes. Look at us. We're here in the middle of the desert with a quart o'

water between us. No matter which way we head—back to our claim or to the office—we have got a night and a day of travel before us, over the desert. We couldn't make it together. Powell's shot has settled us."

"One of us," Blake realized, "has got to stay here."

"You're right," Tazewell agreed. "One of us has got to stay here."

"That means, the one who stays here—stays here until his bones bleach."

Tazewell nodded. "That's about the size of it."

He arose, swung the canteen from his shoulder, and threw it at Blake's feet.

"You take it," he said slowly. "If you start out right now, you maybe can get to the office before Powell does. As soon as you got there, come back this way. Maybe," he said, "I'll still be livin'."

Blake pushed the canteen away. "The placer's more yours 'n mine. You worked harder for it 'n I did. You ought to be the one that gets it, Tazewell. You got a sister, too, livin' back east, and I ain't got nobody to sorrow over me. You take that canteen, Tazewell, and head for the office right now."

"Sam Blake," Tazewell flashed, "if you think I'm goin' to leave you out here to die of thirst, you're a fool!"

"Shut up!" Blake snapped. "Yor standin' here and arguin' while Powell is gettin' closer to the recorder's office every minute. Get a move on you! Take that canteen and get out o' here!"

"You go straight to blazes!" Tazewell flashed. "I'd rather have you than any gold mine——"

"Phaah! You can't have me if you're goin' to stand here and argue all night with me. If both of us stick here, we both will kick off. One of us has got a chance to pull thru; the other one has got to pay the desert its due. The desert always gets somebody, and it's got me. I knew it'd get me. Tazewell, you take that canteen and head for the off——"

"I said no!"

"Git!"

"I'll see you in h—l first!"

Moving with the swiftness of desperation, Blake jerked his six-shooter from its holster and levelled it, his eyes narrowed, at the startled Tazewell.

"Tazewell," he pronounced slowly, "you pick up that canteen and move on. Otherwise I'll plug you, and then we'll both go under and Powell will get the mine."

Tazewell, perceiving the dangerous light in Blake's eyes, hesitated, nonplussed.

"There's only one chance for both of us," Blake said slowly. "You got to get to the office as quick as you can, and come back. I'll try to hang on until you can reach me. But forget about me. I ain't got nobody that'll miss me, and you kin make your sister happy by givin' her a lot of things she ain't never had before. But she and me and you ain't going to get a thing out of that mine if you don't get a move on. Powell is half way there now. Now, move! Move, or I'll plug you!"

"All right," Tazewell invited slowly, "go ahead and plug me. Then you will have to go."

"Then," Blake denied, "I'll not have to go anything of the sort. If you're dead, old man, I got nothing' to keep on livin' for. You're the best pal a man ever had, Tazewell. Why don't you do what's right? There's only one chance for both of us to come thru: that's for you to go and come back here and get me. Don't you see, old pal, that if one of us has got to kick off, it better be me? Don't you see that?"

Tazewell gestured desperately. "We got to do somethin'! We can't stay here all night and jaw, when Powell's gettin' closer to the office every minute!"

"You're right." Blake kicked the canteen toward Tazewell. "Pick that up," he asked, "and go."

TAZEWELL lifted the canteen. He swung it over his shoulder. He extended his right hand, and Blake, dropping his gun, gripped it with hearty pressure. Then, without speaking, Tazewell turned his back to Blake and trudged in the direction of the town. Twenty paces off he glanced back.

"So long, Blake," he said.

"So long, Tazewell, old pard."

Blake watched Tazewell's form gradually merge into the grayness which was settling down from the sky. Then he looked all around him, at the yellow-gray desert whose silence seemed to mock him, whose glittering sand flashed sardonically in his eyes. He sank to his knees and slumped down against the soft carpet, covering his face with his hands.

"So long, old partner," he said again. "So long."

The first layers of darkness settled about him like a coverlet. He lay motionless. His thirst was intense; he resigned himself to a lingering torture. His mind moved toward the six-shooter lying half-buried in the sand. Blake did not believe it possible that Tazewell could return in time—before Blake would pay the desert its due. The gun was the sooner way out. Promptly as the realization crossed his mind, he started up; but he was startled by a voice behind him:

"Blake!" it said.

He whirled, to find Tazewell leveling the gun—not at Blake, but at his own breast.

Blake glowered. "Why didn't you go on?" he demanded. "Get out o' here!"

Tazewell grinned at him. "Old pal," he said, "that gold mine don't mean nothing to me now. You're my pard, and I'd rather have you alive than all the gold mines in the world."

"You're a fool!" Blake snapped. "I don't amount to nothin'!"

"Just the same," Tazewell went on, "I purty nigh love you, and I'm not goin' to see you bleach out here in the desert. Now, you see this gun I'm pointin' at my heart?"

Blake stared dumbly.

"Well, Sam Blake, if you don't march right along beside me, I'll pull the trigger."

"You old fool!" Blake snapped again.

"We're goin' to try this together," Tazewell went on. "I don't want no gold if I can't have you, Blake. And if I got to choose between one or t'other, I take you."

Blake sheepishly pushed his hand across his eyes. It came away damp. "It'd shore be empty livin' without havin' you around, Tazewell," he admitted. "And I'd feel plumb lonely in h—l without you shovelin' coal right beside me."

"Come on, then, old pard! Come on! We're goin' to try it together."

"Tazewell, we ain't got a chance!"

"You want me to pull this trigger, Blake?"

"Don't! Don't! Put that away, Tazewell; put that away."

"You're comin' with me, Sam Blake, or I'll pull the trigger."

Blake gestured despairingly. "All right, you idjit," he groaned. "I'll come."

A new energy now possessed the two worn and dejected miners.

"Thirsty, Blake?"

"As dry as them d—n sands."

"I still got that quart of water. You take half and I'll take half; and then we'll start out."

Tazewell unscrewed the cap of the canteen, and proferred the first drink to Blake. Blake took three scant gulps; returned the tin to Tazewell, who was careful not to drink more than Blake had taken, altho his parched throat ached for it; then returned the container to Blake, who took another sparse swallow. Then Tazewell again swallowed and emptied the can. This careful were they that each would not take more than the other. Laughing lightly, Tazewell flung the can away.

"Come on, old man!" he cried. "We got to go now!"

They trudged away, apparently in the best of spirits; but in the backs of their brains they held the thought that this was a hopeless journey. A travel covering a night and a half a day lay before them; to traverse this stretch of sand without water was, it seemed to them, impossible. Their throats ached in spite of the small amount of water they had drunk. Their bodies protested with sharp pains against their continued exertions; hunger pinched their stomachs; but they continued grinning now and then at each other and making unfelt, senseless quips.

The desert seemed to increase its opposition to their progress. The sand which had hindered their steps now seemed set upon tugging continuously at their feet and tripping them at every step. Each stride was a pain; each swing of their arms an added soreness. Their bodies throbbed; their brains were numb, steeped in a dull, yellow haze—yellow like the endless sand around them. Their assumed jovial mood they soon dropped; they became silent and not slow despite their suffering. To each it seemed that they must stride until they dropped in their tracks; and this was a road they must tread until an eternal end. They did not count the distance they advanced, for it seemed trivial. Their thoughts did not revert to Powell. They were content to let him have the mine, if only they might have each other; and if they could not, they cared not for the gold.

THE night passed; with the shifting of the black blanket over them and the reappearance of the hot orange disc at the horizon, came heat and added oppression. Dawn meant torture to them. It meant suffocation and greater thirst.

How their throats ached! Their tongues were dry and swollen. Their lips were cracked and bleeding. Their eyes were blinded by the bright, even, yellow carpet which they were crossing. A dull, inner roaring filled their heads. It seemed to them that there was nothing in the universe so great as their thirst. As the sun climbed the sky and the torridity of the open furnace increased, the men found it impossible to close their mouths; their dried, swollen tongues prevented. Blake rubbed his hand over his lips, and was vaguely surprised to find that he could not feel the contact; he pressed his teeth into his tongue and was unable to feel the pressure. It seemed but a few moments until the last vestige of their strength would be consumed. Their steps were automatic; their minds did not even know they moved. They were wasting themselves on a treadmill of sand.

Blake dropped. Tazewell continued half a rod before realizing that Blake was no longer beside him; then, swinging around, strode reelingly back, and put his feeble strength into raising Blake from the sand. He attempted to encourage his partner, but the sounds which issued from his dry throat were a meaningless babble. Blake lurched forward again; they continued, bent at the waist, their arms swinging with each stride like apes.

They passed thru ages of heat and dryness and excruciation. Until Blake raised his bleared eyes and saw in the distance the wooden dwellings which marked the town which was their destination!

He shouted shrilly; Tazewell, directing with difficulty his eyes forward, saw the village also. They started forward like beasts, loping heavily. They covered the distance to the nearest barn blindly. No one saw their approach. When they came close to the barn they caught the delicious smell of dampness; saw a water trough, brimming, lying in a bed of mud. Their gladness was too great to voice; they fell beside the trough and buried their faces in the nectar. When, finally, they arose, they swayingly attempted to grin at each other.

On a common impulse they turned toward the main street of the town. As they strode down the street pedestrians turned to regard them curiously. Blake shouted. A sign, RECORDER, had greeted his vision.

Inside the office, Tazewell pressed upon the surprised official the paper which named the location of their mine. With difficulty he managed to pronounce:

"We're too late! I know it! We're too late!"

"What you talkin' about?" the recorder asked.

"Powell's already been here! Hasn't he? Hasn't he?"

"H-m-mm! Reckon I don't know just who you mean." He read the paper. "There's nobody recorded this stake yet."

"Glory be!"

The record was made.

"But Powell?" Blake persisted. "Where is he? He had the start on us!"

"I reckon you mean the fellow they found on the edge of the desert early this mornin'," the recorder drawled. "Why, he's up t' the doctor's office. Rattlesnake bit him. He ran into a nest of 'em that infests a water hole a mile or so out. The doctor ain't thinkin' he'll pull thru, either, he tells me."

Blake gazed significantly at Tazewell.

"The desert," he says, "always gets somebody."

"A Perfumed Altar Flame"

by Augustin W. Breeden

"NIXON, Nixon is the next stop." It was midnight and snowing heavily. For three stations past the passengers who had come into the stuffily warm day coach had been brushing the snow from their shoulders and had brought a cool breath with them, grateful enough perhaps for others, but sending a chill thru the emaciated frame of Afton Hargan. At the call "Nixon" he got nervously to his feet, clutching a small traveling bag in one hand and a violin case in the other. The lurching of the train made it difficult for him to stand on his feet.

"Coming home to die," he said to himself bitterly, "home to die!"

Afton had not written to his parents that he was coming; he lacked the will and energy to write. Indeed, few letters had passed between himself and his parents during his three years' battle in the Southwest against the disease that was slowly consuming him. Every six weeks or two months a letter had come with a remittance. He had always acknowledged these and stated that he was "improving slowly," but vouchsafed little else. What was there to write about? His father, Jonathan Hargan, a poor and unlettered carpenter and always a man of few words, wrote not at all, and his mother's letters were not voluminous. Not much news of the town of Nixon had come thru to him there in the Southwestern desert.

Afton got painfully down from the train in the blinding storm. There was neither hackman nor hotel runner at the station.

"Anybody to meet you, young man?" asked the flagman in a friendly tone.

Afton shook his head. He tried to say: "It is only three blocks to my father's house," but his voice failed to a whisper.

Two young couples got upon the train, laughing and chattering. The young women had on party dresses, and the young men wore light pumps and black business suits, the nearest thing to evening dress that Nixon ever affected. Afton Hargan felt a bitterness clutch at his throat at the sight of this gayety. The four young people before his eyes were no more vivid to him than the scene he knew they had just quitted. He saw the great bare hall over Billingsley's hardware store decorated with trailing evergreens and with potted palms and ferns, with cheap cane-bottom chairs pushed back against the walls and a carefree throng moving merrily here and there. And among them, bright, gay and innocent, she—April Dale—whose filmy, floating form his eyes had so often followed from the orchestra platform in former years when they should have been kept upon the score. Then, in another flash of vision, he saw the village of Nixon—its streets and alleyways, its churches, stores, gardens, cottages and tiny orchards, and the lanes that led away in four directions across a fair green countryside. He visioned the home of his childhood, the carpenter shop in the corner of the front yard, the long front veranda and the open, dividing hallway, the plum tree and pear tree at the back, and the long grape arbor leading onward to a narrow vegetable garden.

"Coming home, at 23, to die!" His mind bit down for a second time upon the harsh fact.

Buttoning more tightly his overcoat and winding a scarf about his neck, he once more caught up his grip and violin case and started down the dimly lighted street. He noted the town had changed, grown almost out of his knowledge. An attractive drug store adorned a corner where formerly a dark warehouse had stood; a fashionable club, now brilliantly lighted, stood where the old livery stable had been.

But Afton knew his way. His chief fear was that his precious violin might get damp in the heavy air. There were no lights in the portion of the street near his father's house. That part of the street had always been dark. He reached the front gate, rested for a moment, and then went in and up into the open hallway. He knocked on a door to the left, his parents' room.

"Who's thar?"

Afton tried to speak, but could not raise his voice above a whisper. He knocked for a second time.

"Who's thar?" again came angrily from within.

"Father, it is I—it is Afton," he tried to say. The syllable "Aft" was the only one that attained more than a whisper.

"Git out o' my hall, er I'm goin' to shoot!" called the old carpenter from within. Then a high-pitched voice that Afton knew and loved added the warning: "You'd better go, stranger; Pa's got a gun an' he's shore to shoot!"

No one knew this better than Afton Hargan, because no one knew his parents better. Unhospitable, unsociable, declassed in a town where, during the last decade, two distinct classes had sprung up and neighbors had ceased to be neighbors because of the growing wealth and opportunity of the more fortunate, these two old people lived to themselves and for themselves. Few people ever crossed their threshhold, and they visited no one. Moreover, the father was of a suspicious and quarrelsome disposition and very timid after the twilight had fallen.

So Afton withdrew from the veranda. In his soul was a mounting bitterness and self-pity. He had come home to die and had been ordered off his own doorstep by his nearest of blood. It was too crushing. He wanted to call out his mother's name, but as one's voice fails in a nightmare his voice failed him. And now the snow and dampness were clutching at his throat like the hands of a murderer.

And again he reflected bitterly that the sweet tones of his violin would be ruined by the dampness. Well, let them be ruined; what was the difference? He sank down in the snow before his father's gate. He had no power or will to move. He knew there was a hotel only a few blocks away, but his limbs ached and he did not wish to essay the distance.

As he sat there a sort of warmth began to steal over him, and his mind, clear as a picture for the moment, wandered forth into the village. It called up April Dale before him. April, his old-time sweetheart, had written him far more often than his mother during his long exile. She had even, about a year before, offered to come out and share his exile with him; but of course that had been out of the question. She

(Continued on Page 20.)

Squinnigan the Goat

By Howard Philip Rhoades

So Squinnigan's First Entranced View of the Long, Swaying Lines of Slightly-clad Girls Was Tempered by the Reminder that He Had Hoofs and a Tail, and in the Near Future Must Sprout Horns on His Head.

SQUINNIGAN didn't mind being made the goat figuratively. It was when Sally Harper told him he'd have to be one literally that he protested.

"How do you get that way, Sally?" he inquired indignantly. "Dress up like a goat?"

They were lunching in the employees' cafeteria of the Bowden Company. The dark brilliant eyes of the pretty little brunette who had chosen Squinnigan from all the young men at the big industrial plant where she was a stenographer, danced laughingly. Then they grew serious. The slender figure of the girl with her small shapely head crowned with lustrous brown hair drew a trifle nearer him across the table as she said: "But, Jack, you don't understand!"

"Why not? You said I had to have a goat's hoofs, a goat's tail, and horns, didn't you?"

"Yes, but it's got a man's face. And it isn't a goat. It's a—a satyr."

"But a satyr's tail, horns and hoofs against a man's face. It's three to one—and he's a goat!"

"It just imaginary, Jack. There really aren't any."

"Thought I never saw one in a circus."

"Jack, please be serious. Miss Bowden's set her heart on this. There isn't a man in town we can ask but you—"So I'm the goat!"

"Well, you were so wonderful in the minstrels, and you're the best dancer——"

"Your reason's no reason for a goat."

"But you're graceful," she went on, "and take up things easily. And"—she threw on a flank and telling argument, as her small warm hand found his and her dark eyes appealed irresistibly—"you like to do things for me!"

Into the blue eyes of this sandy-haired, freckled, pink-faced young man came the merry twinkle that was while he had endeared him to her. With teeth which weren't regular, and a mouth which twisted humorously, his alertness and practical nature were off-set by a hot-headedness which more than once had embroiled him, but Sally loved and admired him as had those helter-skelter comrades of his unsheltered youth, who had twisted his surname from Cunningham into "Squinnigan," the quaint nick-name by which many still knew him.

Sally knew he was weak to the extent she dared an additional bit, half-argument, half-tribute. "You're built for part, Jack—the said. "Those satyrs have bristling hair, sort of blunt, turned-up noses, pointed ears——"

"And a tuft on my head?" he inquired, apprehensively brushing his hand across. Then, as he smiled at the girl, he gave a reassuring accompaniment to the ruddiness of his skin, he went on: "Well, maybe I'm the goat. Tell me some more."

Sally, smiling and eager in her victory, explained. Miss Bowden of those classical dance things like they put on last spring at the college where Miss Bowden graduated. She liked it so well she wants as girls to have a chance at it as part of the welfare work. I've just written a letter for her to Mr. Burdine, who has the famous school in New York. Miss Bowden's written a masque——"

"Written one? I thought you were them!"

"No. This sort of masque is a classy little play—real high comedy, there'll be lots of girls, and two male characters."

Squinnigan grew more interested. "Another male? Is he important?"

"The school's circular gives the picture of a very handsome young man who is an assistant. Miss Bowden has suggested that he play the male role and act as coach——"

"Tell him I'm a good quarter back or short stop. What will he do?"

"He's to play Pan, the god of herds."

"Pan, a goat, too, eh? Well, that'll help. Kind of spreads it around."

Three warm June days passed dreamily over Thornton, the little industrial city of which the broad-spread "works" of James Bowden was the principal plant. Then Sally Harper whispered to Jack Cunningham as he bent over his desk in the office of Walter Crane, the sales manager: "He's here!"

"Who?"

"Mr. Dupree, the man who's going to coach the masque. He answered Miss Bowden's letter in person."

"Oh, the other goat. Well, what's the big diagram?"

"We're going to meet him tonight and hear the masque read."

It was Sally Harper's first trip to the marble mansion of James Bowden on the hill. Mostly heretofore welfare activities, of which Alicia Bowden, daughter of James Bowden, had taken charge since her graduation from college a year before, had been held in the assembly hall at the plant.

But this was to be the climax of the year's program. Miss Bowden had selected for its scene the broad lawn to the left of the long, massive, pillared front of her father. She was lavishing her own money, not funds from the plant's appropriation, on this pet scheme, while the inner circle of family and friends watched with interest—and wonder.

Wonder as to how much longer Alicia Bowden was to go on teaching the young ladies of her father's great establishment the fine points of poise, recreation, etiquette and such matters instead of doing the obvious. Was there a chance, after all, they wondered that this vivacious blond girl with her rippling voice and commanding personality would scorn marriage to become one of those rich women who devote their time and money entirely to movements political, social and industrial?

Or hadn't the proper man appeared? Squinnigan, his desk just outside the door of the private office of Walter Crane, the sales manager, admittedly the most virile force in the Bowden organization outside the family, distinguished and James Bowden himself, vaguely was a party to this speculation. Nor was Squinnigan overlooking so far as the edge of the interested circle for the reason that his boss, Walter Crane, was Miss Bowden's chief suitor.

How Miss Bowden could resist a man who had played half back on the State University football team, who drove his own imported speedster, who carried a cane, and who went to the Clarendon Hotel for tiffin every Sunday noon, was matter Squinnigan tried to figure out as he delivered the frequent messages and offerings sent by Crane to Alicia from time to time.

That is why Hilldale House, the Bowden mansion, was nothing new to Squinnigan, why he sensed that both James Bowden and Alicia's sweet-faced mother both were "for" Crane, but why the attitude of the fair-haired beautiful girl was as much a mystery to Squinnigan as to the whole circle which knew her.

Now, suddenly, tonight, after Squinnigan and Sally had passed thru the big stone gate with its antique lanterns, on thru the park and up the terraces, wine-clad and vaulted into the rare conservatory, until they came into the very drawing-room of the Bowden home, the humble messenger between Crane and Miss Bowden sensed a new factor in the case of the heiress and her future.

Sitting opposite her, in his long, tapering fingers a carved ivory holder in which burned an exotically perfumed cigaret, was a tall, slender young man of the sort to whom fashionable tailors can make clothes cling as they do in advertisements. His black hair fell back from his forehead in a long, precise, slanting sweep. His eyes, not far apart, snapped now and then with nervous tension. On his upper lip was the most fastidious of mustaches, so diminutive as not to overshadow the chin, which was not prominent.

"It is yet in its infancy." he was saying, impressively, intimately, to Miss Bowden: "It is destined to become our leading and most beneficial art. What is most needed is the support of persons of means to go hand in hand with trained dancing teachers as evangelists of this great new movement."

Miss Bowden was so interested she did not look up at Squinnigan, as he watched the fascination with which she looked into the pale, rather handsome face of the speaker, felt his eyes narrowing and his fingers curling intuitively as they had done a thousand times when he was ready to plunge into some hot-headed "free-for-all." He didn't want any guy to look at his boss' girl like that!

Then Miss Bowden was up with an "Oh!" of surprise. Drawing Sally forward she said: "This is Miss Harper, Mr. Dupree, the young lady who will have the leading role in the masque. Sally, the man who will coach us."

As Dupree took Sally's hand, Miss Bowden went on: "And Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Dupree. The young man, Mr. Dupree, who will play the satyr role."

Squinnigan made an effort to smile as he mumbled: "Pleased to meet you." Mostly he was thinking how long this tall, precisely-tailored man held Sally's hand and smiled—too intimately it seemed to Squinnigan for first sight.

"Now that we're all here," said Miss Bowden, "we'll talk it over. The masque is called 'Pan and the Maiden.' There are several principals and a large chorus. Pan, the god of herds and things pastoral, falls in love with Alethe, a mortal girl. He wants a sleep upon her, but is suddenly called away. While Pan is gone a playful satyr hides the girl and substitutes a sleeping Pan. Finally gets back his love and chastises the satyr."

"Quite a wonderful little theme, Miss Bowden," complimented Dupree, "simple, original, quite in the masque spirit. Now, before we distribute the parts and read, may I explain the principles of our dancing and the artistic impressions sought?"

The entire feminine contingent listened with breathless interest while Dupree propounded with frequent mention of "rhythmic appeal," "plastic values" and "spiritual appeal." Squinnigan listened—with reservations. Next day he'd offer his ideas about the satyr.

Curiously, his reputation on the situation was called forth by Walter Crane, at home. Frequently he consulted quizzically at Squinnigan, drew himself upon the latter's desk and, from this vantage point, asked: "Cunningham, I understand you're in the show."

"Show? Where——"

Squinnigan fancied his boss' face relaxed another notch. "What—what they're putting on up at Miss Bowden's."

"Oh!" Squinnigan flushed. One of his conditions was that the news wasn't to be spread around. But, after all, the boss knew all Miss Bowden did.

Did he? That flushed thru Squinnigan's brain on the boss' next question: "What sort of a fellow is the coach?"

"Dupree? Well," Squinnigan appraised, "I wouldn't advise him to pass Smitty's poolroom when the gang's there. If they didn't throw a brick they'd run out and kiss him!"

Crane laughed. Then, growing serious, he said: "Anyhow, he went to lunch with Miss Bowden this noon."

"Thursday. Why—that's your day—usually."

"Not this week, I guess."

There was something of the air of a man bereft in the way the boss spoke. Before Squinnigan knew it the boss' college education, his speedster, his cane, all that stood between them, had faded. They were just men together with a common enemy. Squinnigan blurted: "Listen, Mr. Crane, I'm up there all the time—and I'm—I'm keeping my eyes open!"

"Well—er——" Crane was stammering and flushed at the words of his clerk. "I'm not—that is—I couldn't ask that, Jack. But I—I appreciate the way you feel!"

NEVERTHELESS Squinnigan decided to keep a close eye on the coach. Nor did it seem that he was wrong that evening when he arrived in the ballroom of the Bowden home for rehearsal. The name of Dupree was on the lips of most of the girls, including Sally.

As this young lady expressed it: "He's not only good-looking, but clever——"

"Wings a mean perfume bottle and pins on a nasty rose!" scoffed Squinnigan. "I hope you're not getting cracked over him, Sister!"

"That's silly," said Sally, discreetly. "But I do think Miss Bowden likes him, and it's going to be very artistic. Once she told me she was starving for the artistic things they have back East: concerts, shows and all."

"She'd better tell that starving stuff to Mr. Crane. He goes to New York four times a year to visit the Eastern office. Lots doing down there, Bill Randall writes me."

"Bill Randall?"

"Yes, an old pal of mine sent from our department last year to work in the New York office. But you don't really think, Sally——"

"Hush!" she cautioned. "Here they come!"

Rehearsal got under way at once. Costumes, hurriedly made, were being inspected tonight to familiarize the girls with them. There was a rack for the sexes for alterations. Squinnigan gasped as Sally, dressed in the diaphanous garb of a classical nymph, came to his side. A line of girls, similarly clad, were filing before the critical eye of Miss Bowden and the quite interested eye of Dupree.

"Say," Squinnigan whispered, "that guy speaking of girl's clothes who said he hoped to keep his eyesight a year longer, ought to have lived in Greece!"

"Jack!" said Sally, with a flush "You—you goat!"

So Squinnigan's first entranced view of the long, swaying line of slightly-clad girls was tempered by the reminder that he had hoofs and a tail, and in the near future must sprout horns on his head.

At last the time for acting came. "Here's your first cue, Cunningham," said Dupree. "You run on the stage after this fashion"—he illustrated gracefully—"and stop here beside Miss Harper."

Squinnigan, feeling extremely foolish with his paper machie hoofs clattering and his goat's tail flopping after him wildly, gamboled in serpentinely. Not that he couldn't have done it more grace-

fully. But, somehow, taking orders from that tall man clad in a skin and carrying such a dainty little set of pipes, didn't appeal to him.

But he tried it again, chiefly for the sake of Sally and Miss Bowden. This time he came in gracefully, with a whimsical manner which was almost coy. His new mood carried him so far that he bleated: "Ba—aa!" mue blouder than he had intended, causing the girls to snicker audibly, and making Miss Bowden's face a study in repression.

"Jack!" reproved Sally, as he made exit. "You've got to be serious."

"Sorry," he said. "But, being a goat, I don't know any better. Thought you said Dupree was a goat, too? He hasn't hoofs. He's barefooted."

"I heard them discuss that. He's supposed to be nearer human than you and the god of herds."

"Nearer human? A bird with a cigarette-holder like that? And how's a god going to set a proper example to his goats if he don't wear hoofs himself? I don't like this guy, Sally. If it wasn't for you girls I'd strew tacks on the stage."

At that moment they heard Miss Bowden call to Dupree: "I'll have to wire Brandt's office about that tonight."

"Don't bother, Miss Bowden," said the coach. "I'll do it and have an answer back for you in the morning."

That night, after rehearsal, Squinnigan bade Sally a hasty good-by and trailed downtown after the tall, slim figure of Dupree, with vague pictures in his mind of that famed metropolis to which Dupree was going in a few days, with or without his wife. To Squinnigan it was the height, New York to Squinnigan was chiefly a place where his bows went three to a seat, and where Bill Randall once had been called to work in the Bowden Eastern office.

Dupree presented Miss Bowden with a wire next morning saying that the book she required was on the way. So passed more quiet days, with no messages every evening, until the big day came.

Its afternoon was warm and delightful. Squinnigan sat staring at a row of figures, but in reality wondering how—if at all—he should tell Walter Crane of glancing by chance into the grill of the Warden Hotel that noon and seeing Orville Dupree not only lunching with Alicia Bowden but looking too long into her eyes with his hand upon hers.

Just when he was about to speak Crane called and briskly started him off on an errand which had to do with final arrangements for the masque. Hurrying from a store he caught himself just in time to keep from bumping into Sally Harper—who had laid off for the afternoon to help—crossing the street with Dupree who was talking earnestly to the girl while intimately holding her arm.

Squinnigan was sitting on a marble bench in front of Hillside House, half an hour later, when Sally and Dupree approached. Dupree went into the house with a bundle. Sally explained: "Just down town after a little more of that heavy muslin."

"It was heavy, all right, whatever he was telling you down the street."

"Mr. Dupree was just saying I could make good as a dancer on the stage—"

Squinnigan turned away. He didn't want to endanger a good performance by speaking his feelings just then. He only prayed that an ominous something which he felt in the air would hold off until Miss Bowden's masque was over. He was still restless and vaguely disturbed when at 9 o'clock that evening he peered out of the tent devoted to himself and Dupree. It was at one end of the high platform that had been built and served as a back drop for the stage of the open-air theater.

At the other end of the long back drop was a larger tent for the use of the girls. The back drop itself was painted with tall, aspiring trees thru which peeped Grecian temples. At either end of the background were entrances for the girls' and dressing tents. Then, opening obliquely toward the audience, were large painted side pieces. This made a clear-cut, open-cropped lawn, somewhat wider at the front than at the rear. Opposite Squinnigan the big tent entrance to the girls' was a-buzz with activity. Outside, in front of the grassy stage, ushers were busy in seating the guests who from the factory and town who had come to see the masque.

There were temporary seats upon the sloping hillside. In front of them hundreds of camp chairs ranged down to the stage. As Squinnigan, nervous and restive, was watching, his worst fears were realized. After all, what could he expect with so many girls to choreograph? Into the third row, hitherto vacant, was being ushered the wildest, loudest, most flamboyant group of professional roughnecks known to Smitty's poolroom.

Squinnigan's hoofs seemed suddenly to grow as large as canal boats. His goat's tail hung sheepishly against his legs. His horns rubbed coyly but obstreperously against the canvas as he peeped thru. They'd waited, that gang, until the moment of starting, so as to make sure he'd not escape.

Why had he ever promised Sally to be a goat?

Now the lights were dimmed. A spotlight played upon the tall, white-robed figure of the girl who spoke the prologue.

The masque, with its wide, whirling circles of thinly-clad dancing girls, its action the fabled love of a faun for a nymph, its words the simple diction of a girl who wrote unusually well, had started. Thru it flitted Sally, the rose of the mortal girl, Alethe, her brown hair flying in lustrous streams, her pretty face enhanced by a make-up which shaped her cupid's-bow mouth even more perfectly, made her dark eyes the more brilliant, and her cheeks glow the more vividly with youth and life.

After her came Pan, tall, graceful, slim, gliding in long, splendid steps, now springing aloft, his stride melting into marvelous birdlike progress. With the swirling dance of Alethe, so alluring, so fairy-like and the ethereal, plastic grace of Pan, the audience was held spellbound. But then came Arcas, the satyr.

They had him "spotted," that row of boisterous, good-natured roughnecks from Smitty's. Squinnigan was hardly on the stage when a snickering chorus went up.

"There he is! Hey, look, Bill! He's a goat. Now, altogether: Ba-aa!"

Beneath his bristling locks and horns Squinnigan flushed hot. But he had braced himself for this. He'd do his best now and beat it—I out of somebody later. So, with the genius of an artist, and the conception of rythme which his natural grace and quick wits

"Then, to Her Surprise, She Was in the Arms of Pan Who Hugged Her to Him and Kissed Her Hotly."

had enabled him to pick up, he started out to win his audience.

Perhaps it was the easy, natural poise which made him the most popular dancer in Thornton; perhaps because he interpreted this dance of olden times in a way they understood. At any rate, before he made his first exit Arcas, the satyr, was the hit of the show, the hardboiled, jeering, raucous roughnecks in the third row were cheering him to the echo. The applause spread. The delighted Miss Bowden signaled him out to take an impromptu encore.

From a young man very much ashamed of playing a goat, Squinnigan had grown by the middle of the masque Squinnigan was warmed to his heart by the rich appreciation of the rough element in the plause. His blood surging swiftly, his head pumping, the Olympian clouds, as was typical of the Greek masque, all of it happened.

He had just made exit. Standing beside Miss Bowden, Walter Crane noted both the entire chorus led by Sally on the grassy stage, as well as everything that was going on behind the scenes, all at once. He was in a position where he was hidden from Dupree and Miss Bowden by a small group of the women's tent, in a patch of dimness. But distinctly he saw Dupree take Miss Bowden's hand and kiss her on the lips. The fact that she did not tear herself away emphasized her look of question, as if she were weighing him.

Now she was free and coming across. Squinnigan dodged into the tent. She passed it and took a stand on the other side, where she could watch the next phase of the dance. As Squinnigan looked back at Dupree, standing there on the opposite side of the stage, his eyes narrowed more closely than ever, and his fingers curled feverishly.

Then came her thunderbolt. As the dance phase changed Sally made exit on Dupree's side. Standing ready for the fun which would bring himself upon the stage for the scene in which Pan chastises the satyr who had tricked him—he did come in the masque before the finale—Squinnigan looked across. Now smilingly, like a ray of light, Sally was dancing off, her face toward the audience. Then, to her surprise, she was in the arms of Pan, who, with a look far too sensual for the occasion, caught her, hugged her to him and kissed her hotly and repeatedly.

That was the off-stage act that rewrote the masque's conclusion!

With all sorts of pyrotechnics whirling before his eyes Squinnigan tore thru the nymphs who were making exit about him. Dreamily he heard his cue:

"And now let Pan upon his vassal dem-

Whence men their terror of 'panic' do create!"

PAN was half-way across the stage, dancing gracefully, confidently, when suddenly he found himself much too close to the satyr, Arcas.

"Leave you kiss her, you s—n sneak!" Pan heard in unmistakable tones.

Before he knew it Squinnigan had bumped into him twice and was circling quite beside himself in his struggle between his impulse to fly at the man and his desire not to break up the masque.

To godhood. He swung loosely. But he put up such a weak defense, when Squinnigan closed with him, that the latter went thru into a clinch, head down and batting. All at once he found something holding his head away from Dupree's ribs. He gave a plunge which made the other man groan. Squinnigan nearly laughed thru his rage. He was goring Pan with his goat-horns!

Only another instant Dupree lasted. Suddenly the audience heard the satyr's hit the empty air. The long-legged god, Pan, his pipes hung from his shoulders by a silken cord, was trailing in the dirt, was fleeing. Thru the rear of the stage he went, and after him swiftly came the satyr, Arcas. On a mossy bank they went, over a hedge, then down the hillside, madly dodging trees and tearing their bushes.

Then Dupree was climbing an iron fence. Squinnigan arrived a moment too late to pull him back, just catching the string which held his pipes and tearing them away from the man who dropped on the other side.

Momentarily halted by the fence the hot-headed satyr began to regain his senses. "What in it?" he commanded angrily. "You—you——"

"Not me alone, you ruffian!" panted Dupree. "I'm coming back——"

"All right. But stay out of my reach. Go around by the gates!"

Squinnigan and Dupree went back up the hill, watching Dupree, who took the longer route. Cooling rapidly the satyr trembled as he realized what it was going back to. Miss Bowden—— His eyes were dim as he realized what his moment of rage must mean to her. He could not understand, he only knew he was a goat, who had found her backed to the big background, here fades ridiculous away.

He was gladder still to see that it was hidden on the shoulder of Walter Crane, his boss. Best of all was the strange, suggesting smile with which Crane greeted him.

"Where Dupree?" he asked.

"Coming around thru the gate."

Miss Bowden was drawing away from Crane. It was such a drawing away as Squinnigan, in his agitation, had not noted. Crane held Crane's hand a moment, and looked up at him as Squinnigan had seen her do once or twice before—and wished he had not seen.

"You'll wait for me in the house, won't you, dear?" Crane asked. "I don't worry. You're in no condition to speak to them. I'll take care of that."

Outside Miss Bowden's hostile mood held in its seats by a few previous words from Crane. As Miss Bowden walked away Squinnigan said: "I want to apologize, I busted up her masquerade——"

Crane looked at his clerk as Squinnigan had looked at him on that afternoon when all that separated them suddenly had vanished. Things were the same now as then, as he said: "That's all fixed, old boy. A few times I made her smile for me. But I'll take it back, old dear, to make her cry in my arms."

Crane turned to a man Squinnigan had not noticed before, a large, powerful man, with keen gray eyes and a black mustache.

"It'll be over in that tent in a moment, Mr. Norton," Crane said.

As the big man turned away, Squinnigan saw a cunning smile on his face.

"Dupree. We'll let him accept Miss Bowden's check, then nab him. You were right, Squinnigan, in that you he didn't send that wire that night, and fixed a false answer to give Miss Bowden. He didn't dare. He knew that the New York office told me all about how you had Randall look Dupree up in New York, and that Randall had a report to come on, and reported to me this afternoon. About to be fired for making love to the boss's daughter, and for other things Dupree happened upon Miss Bowden's letter before Bordini saw it, and came out to Thornton. Bordini wanted to see if I thought he could marry an heiress——"

"And he kissed my girl!" cried Squinnigan, who had quit leaving her around loose, Mr. Crane——"

"Go to it, my boy," said his boss. "I'm backing you to the limit!"

Squinnigan was at the moment he reached Sally's side. At least it seemed that way, half an hour later, when Miss Bowden and Crane, coming out of the front door of Hillside House, saw a strange procession. It was composed of Dupree, with his hands tied behind him, forgetting Smitty's roughneck—following a radiant pair.

Sally Harper was lovely in her happiness. Squinnigan, hoofs and tail now vanished, still was wearing whimsically above his ears the long, pointed horns. And as the others capered fantastically he was playing in triumph, it seemed, on the pipes he had captured out of Pan, the classic strains of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

THE END.

* * *

A. M. and P. M.

Who hates to go to bed at night?
That's Johnny!
Who loves to sleep when morn is bright?
That's Johnny!
If at 7 a. m. he would hate his bed,
And at 9 p. m. hug it—instead,
What a peaceful life could then be led
With Johnny!

Pea-Green Politics

(Continued From Page 4.)

been operated in seven different ways, each way a thing of wonder in itself.

How long he stared Boone never knew, but he was still fascinated by the sight when one of the young men looked up, fore finger poised in the air, and then with his eyes containing polite inquiry directed upon the American, brought the finger down upon the keyboard. The result was disastrous. The man had evidently intended to imitate some girl stenographer whom he had seen look up, supple finger still flying nimbly, and he had struck the wrong key. Boone recognized this immediately as the Panamanian cursed between his teeth and applied eraser to the sheet. He smiled and then broke into a roar of laughter, not hearing the door open behind him.

A dark slender man of about his own age had entered and stood looking at the American with contempt in his eyes. He moved forward brusquely and shouldered Boone aside on his way to a door leading into the inner office. Boone stopped laughing, and still grinning looked down at him as the new arrival eyed him suspiciously. That was too much for his sense of humor and he broke into a renewed roar of mirth. The dandy Palm Beach looked extremely insulted and goaded by the bull-like bellow of the salesman, deliberately stepped close to him and stamped viciously upon his foot.

Boone sobered and stared mildly at the other.

"Can't you keep your balance?" he inquired. "That's what comes of sopping it up before breakfast. You've a weak stomach you never can stand that. Now just in a friendly manner let me warn you against stepping on a white people's toes so insulting like. If you smile and say, Beg pahdon, old deah,' that takes a little of the sting away and makes it all right. If you'd just smile silently I'd have taken it kindly, because it would have been interpreted as a mere scheme, your nose and your white teeth. But—chl must I slap?"

The Panamanian had been waxing exceeding wroth during this harangue, which he quite apparently understood in its entirety, and he now repeated his former act with even more viciousness if that were possible. Boone suited his action to the word and, swinging a huge paw held the other away from him and slapped him gently upon his swarthy cheek. The smaller man struggled furiously and Boone, still holding him at arm's length by the coat collar, turned to the dumb clerks behind the rail. They were wide-eyed, but not one of them moved.

"Quite a mistake," murmured Boone and then winced as his opponent, or rather captive, kicked him in the shin; and then he flung the struggling outer door open, the ferocious gentleman that the gesticulation known as the bum's rush. Closing the door quietly behind him and dusting his hands as he returned to the rail.

By the way," he said to the still gaping clerks, "do any of you know the fire-eater? And after the vote of thanks for clearing the office I'd like to have you inform Mr. Obaldia that I'm ... to see him."

"Yes, senor," exclaimed one of the young men uneasily, "you must go at once. Please do not linger."

"Not until I see Mr. Obaldia," said Boone. "Thanks for your concern, but I'd just as soon clear your office of an undesirable like that every day in the week if it'd help you any."

The clerk grew slightly pale. "But, senor," he protested weakly, "it would never do to repeat your act. That was Senor Obaldia. You must go at once or I shall be compelled to hold you for the police."

Boone's jaw fell momentarily. Then he grinned.

"Guess it's up to me to do some tall ... Mr. Marmaduke, that was Senor ... there was no ... ship, and methinks I'll have a hard time getting in order now. But there's a cure to all ills—and, by Jove! there's the cure to this one!"

He stopped and stared with admiration at the sight before him. The door of the inner office had opened and there stood framed, as they say, in the doorway, an entrancing vision of young loveliness as young Mr. Boone had ever imagined. If he had not been so engrossed in the pleasant occupation of devouring her with his eyes he might have noticed that the quick look she gave him was not exactly express contempt. She turned to one of the clerks and shot a question at him in Spanish. He answered at some length and then the girl, for she was little more, said something to Boone in the same tongue. He made a gesture of helplessness.

"Senoryita," said he, "I never was so sorry for anything in my life as I am ... I don't ... Spanish."

... pleased surprise. "You're an American! What was the matter? Why did you throw my brother out into the road?"

"Your brother?" Boone's spirits sank. "Senoryita," he said earnestly, "if I'd known he was your brother I'd have let him walk all over my feet with never a word of protest if that's the way he amuses himself. But I didn't know it; I thought he was just a plain ordinary grafter."

"Being my brother saves him from that, does it?" she said smilingly.

"It raises it, by heights he hasn't the brains to ... answered Boone enthusiastically. "Miss ... —I can't ... Spanish. The man had ... around my tongue—I'm sorry two ways that this thing has happened; first ... cause it interferes ... means that I've ... the order I came to get, and that means ... a partnership in my firm; and ... and most important, because I'm very sorry to have hurt you."

The girl laughed merrily. "Hurt me! Nothing that I can remember pleased me more than the sight of you running Vocente out into the street. What a coward and a snake he is! Why, I could thank you for what you've done, so don't feel badly on my account. As for your order," she sneered, "you are probably right—you will lose it. Vicente is the managing head of the company, for father retired a couple of years ago."

Boone stared at her in admiring wonder.

"You are a queer as well as a wonderful girl," he remarked candidly. "I can't imagine another girl talking so impersonally of her brother, and recognizing the fact that he isn't perfect, but is really the opposite."

At the start of their conversation she had stood aside and motioned him to enter the private office, where now only the talk between them was taken place. The girl laughed again.

"My name isn't really Obaldia," she explained. "Our brother isn't really my brother any more than his father is mine. But Senor Obaldia, senior, really married my mother and my ... mother. Vicente is his son by his former wife, a Spanish lady, and was the only way he could get ... But I like father so much that I always speak of him as my father instead of my step-father, and please him! I have tried to regard Vicente as a brother, hard as that task has been."

"I'll bet two cents you're an Am...," cried Boone, and the girl nodded ... "I ..."

What followed was unexpected, by both parties. Boone leaned forward, took the girl in his arms, kissed her soundly on the lips. Then he released her, looked extremely foolish, and blurted out a question.

"I couldn't help it! You remind me so much of the real American girl, and I was so pleased with you and the arguments that you expressed and ... thing that I just caught hold of you and kissed you. And that was a beast and the biggest fool in the world, but for half a cent I'd pick you up and carry you right out to the cabin and ... you in the outer office and ... never let you go until you ..."

She looked him over ... second, then smiled. ... seemed to him.

"I—I don't ... took her by ... "I wouldn't ... I ... I don't think you'd ... so long before I ... Good! There!" She stared hard at him in pretty defiance and ... repentance.

A rather long interval of incoherency, ... candidate to them, ... Then, ... Clerks looked ... said the girl, and ... her, she continued: "You see I've got something of a ... and I can persuade him ... reasonably. He is a coward, really ... he comes now, if I'm not ...

There was a noise in the outer office ... then the door opened and Vicente bustled into the room closely followed by three Panamanian policemen.

"There he is!" exclaimed the ruffled dandy. "Arrest him at once. Assault and battery. I'll appear against him."

"Just a moment," said the step-sister. "Where is your warrant for the arrest of my fiance?"

Vicente took a step backward. "Your fiance! You're joking!"

"No. Dismiss these men. I think we can settle this. Mr. Boone is here for the order for that machinery. Also, if you are very sweet and give Mr. Boone the order for the machinery, I won't tell father anything."

"You may go!" cried Vicente, turning hastily to the three wondering policemen, and they trooped out, stealing inquiring glances at one another. Vicente turned to the two Americans, and his expression was proprietory.

"These little accidents will occur. Mr. ——er, Boone," he said smoothly. "I was under the impression that you were

Grow Old Gracefully!

LIKE a peaceful, deep, quiet stream calmly winding its course through quiet meadow land and valley—moving onward—ever onward—never rushing—never hurrying—past towns, through cities, on towards the sea—unruffled by the trend of happenings along its banks—So the course of life should be.

As life winds its way onward from the cradle—onward towards old age—it should the course be filled with rocks and rapids and waterfalls? Should impurities hold the system within their grasp?—Should the vim and vigor of youth dwindle and fade away as life flows onward? Should feebleness and disease supplant the healthfulness of youth? It is ever so simple a matter to grow old gracefully—to retain the eagerness of youth.

S. S. S. is the buoy in the stream of life that heads you away from treacherous currents and the dangerous rocks that lie ahead—S. S. S. will keep your system free from impurities. Red blood cells will be created by the millions! Blood cells are the birthplace of nerve power.

Increased blood cells mean increased nerve power—added strength—additional vitality. The power toward off the lurking diseases that craftily endeavor to subject the body that has weathered the greater portion of the storm of life. Red blood coursing through the veins giving added energy and courage stands out like a friendly lighthouse warning disease and impurities that here is a healthy body that offers them no peaceful haven.

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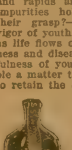

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FATE and a QUARTER

By RAY HUMPHREYS

OUT from the scrub oaks that fringed the big ravine on the Blue Mesa stepped a figure, cautiously as a rat, a revolver held ready in his right hand——

But he was not cautious enough; the other man, who had had his back towards the newcomer, and who was in the act of lighting a cigarette, dropped the match and went for his holster quicker than a flash of lightning.

Then he whirled ——

And there they stood—Jed Lewis and Bill Graham—each with the other covered—for just a long minute—glaring at each other, guns alert.

"Sneakin' up on me to murder me, eh?" snarled Lewis, "hidin' in the scrub waitin' for me, huh?"

"I could have plugged you—" Graham began.

"Oh, yes," sneered Lewis, "if you was faster—if you covered even if you did have the draw—you had the advantage—but my hearin' is good——"

"Nobody would believe it! You ain't seemed to pay no warnings I've sent you!" said Graham.

"Hear them?" retorted Lewis, "sure, I've heard them alright—but—I ain't payin'—nothin' for 'em, see?"

"It might be worth while—" begun Graham.

"It's worth while to pay attention to the warning o' a rattler, perhaps," conceded Lewis, backing coolly now, but a warning from any other kind o' snake——

"I'll put daylight thru you," Graham broke in, his face going white.

"Ditto!" purred Lewis.

For another minute then they stood and glared at each other, both ready, yet each waiting for the other to start hostilities—a deadly pair—and Graham chuckled as he watched the trigger finger of the man before him—but Graham did not chuckle. His steel-gray eyes froze.

"Shucks," said Lewis, lowering his revolver suddenly, "we're a pair of fools, Graham—just chasin' coolly now, but a warning from any other kind o' snake——

"I'll put daylight thru you," Graham broke in, his face going white.

"Ditto!" purred Lewis.

For another minute then they stood and glared at each other, both ready, yet each waiting for the other to start hostilities—a deadly pair—and Graham chuckled as he watched the trigger finger of the man before him—but Graham did not chuckle. His steel-gray eyes froze.

"Shucks," said Lewis, lowering his revolver suddenly, "we're a pair of fools, Graham—just chasin' coolly now, but should we both die? You say the Blue Mesa isn't big enough for both of us—but there's no use in exterminating one another—put that gat down, I tell you, if you're a man."

Graham holstered his weapon.

"The mesa ain't big enough," he grunted, "an' I've warned you repeatedly, Lewis, that it ain't healthy——"

"You've warned me!" echoed Lewis, "and who are you to be warnin' me? What right you got to warn anybody?"

Graham's hand lingered on his holster.

"Don't make me mad, Jed!"

"Try to make me," taunted Lewis.

"You've fooled me into puttin' up my gun," whined Graham, still white and shaky, "talk about bein' a man——"

"I was only teasin' you!" said Lewis, smiling again, "I'll show you I'm a white man, Graham! I'll meet you hand to hand—and I ain't carryin' no knife either! I'll show you it that way—I'll throw away my gun if you will!"

"Throw it!"

"All right!"

Never taking his eyes off the other man's face Lewis tossed his gun to one side, it fell with a thud against the festooned the edge of the big ravine and slipped off.

"You've lost it for good!"

"Makes no difference," said Lewis, easily, "I'm waiting, Graham, to see you lose yours!"

"I'll ——"

"Toss it over where mine went," said Lewis, grinning, "or else there won't be no temptations—throw it!"

Graham jerked his gun from its holster, and saw that the ravine was deep and hesitated before he tossed it over into the ravine. Lewis relaxed at that.

"I'm waitin'," he remarked.

"Thought I'd play you dirt?" grunted Graham

"Yep," acknowledged Lewis, "thought so; I guess I did you wrong—you still got some manhood left!"

"I could of bored you clean thru from the scrub before you ever seen me," reminded Graham, going white again, ——

"You just lacked the nerve!" said Lewis, grinning anew.

Graham clinched his fists and he scowled, for cool words had cut deep, that was one thing that hurt. Lewis could stand there and sneer at him and he had no proper comeback.

"This range ain't big enough for the both of us," said Graham, changing the subject, "and I was here first; I've given you proper warning—I've told you—you've—you've—you've——"

"Spit it out!" said Lewis, "you've—you've——"

"Squatters!" snorted Lewis, clinching his fists now, "you're aimin' to insult me, Graham?"

"If you ain't a squatter you're as bad!" countered Graham, "your critters are eatin' my grass, my steers are starvin' on this mesa as the grass will take care of, and here you come in with a herd and start 'makin' me!"

"You don't own this mesa!"

"You neither! But I was here first!"

Lewis shrugged his shoulders—an elaborate shrug

"This here sun is hot," he remarked, looking meaningly at Graham, "an' we don't seem to get nowhere argufying like this, as I remember you says this mesa ain't big enough for the both of us—Well, I dunno about that. But, if one of us has to go—well, it has to be, I reckon—now——"

"True words said Graham, tightening his belt, just remember, Jed, I warned you plain! One of us had got to go—an' I've a hunch it won't be me."

"You got another gun on you?" demanded Lewis suspiciously.

"No," snapped Graham, flushing, "I ain't—I'm playin' fair with you, I wasn't laying here waitin' for you, neither; I was resting here, in the shade, when I seen you sneakin' up, and I got back in the scrubs so you won't see me; my hoss throwed himself back yonder—had a sprained leg."

"All right," said Lewis.

"And the reason I know it won't be me that goes in this—I believe in Fate—I just have a hunch I'm going to stay ——"

Lewis laughed at that.

"Fate!" he snorted, and he threw out his chest "Fate? How about me, you poor fool? Mebbe I believe in Fate, too? You don't see me sheddin' no tears about my funeral, do you? Fate ain't told me yet that I'm dead!"

He laughed again.

"Fate! Say, when it comes to that—why, that's me, myself—Fate! It was Fate told me to look around and go for my gun when you come sneaking thru the scrub! Fate's given me all the Face in the world in your corral, Graham!

"It was Fate brought us here today," went on Lewis, "I've been looking for each other with smoke wagons for a month. Now we ain't got no guns! It must have been Fate that made me bigger and heavier than you, Graham. Just for this——"

Graham's eyes narrowed.

"You got the advantage!"

For a minute Lewis made no reply, then, suddenly, he laughed heartily, while Graham watched him sullenly.

"That's Fate going to decide," he said, "they ain't no use in musnin' each other up; it's too hot—we'll flip for it!"

"What?" asked Graham.

"Flip a coin," repeated Lewis, laughing, "I ain't got no advantage there, Graham; we flip—Fate can decide that, too—if I win you'll go, and leave the mesa to me, if I lose——"

"You'll go!"

"Yep!"

Graham squinted hard at Lewis.

"Something fishy about it?" he demanded, coolly, "you was sayin' you was willin' to——"

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"That's Fate, too!" said Lewis, "

so suddenly on the quiet of the afternoon, Graham stirred.

"Graham!" said Lewis.

Graham opened his eyes wide, but made no further move.

"Graham!"

"Yes?"

"See! Talk about Fate—looky——"

"Lewis," said Graham, and his voice sounded strangely hard, "I know what you're doing, Lewis—you're makin' for that gun; figgering Fate was with you. Stay right where you are! I fell right on top o' my gun—I've got you covered now—it's under——"

From beneath Graham's body Lewis saw the muzzle of the gun.

Lewis became rigid at that.

"But the quarter—the quarter we flipped!" he cried, remaining motionless and watching the sprawled Graham.

"Sure," agreed Graham, getting up on one elbow, "sure that's the best way yet! The agreement still holds! Heads you win; tails I win! I reckon that hoss is still up on top—he's the winner takes him—an' the mesa; an' the buzzards—the loser gets the buzzards! We'll look for that coin—together!"

"It's here—we don't have to look!" cried Lewis, "that's what I meant. I see it—it's there—right in front——"

"Don't touch it!" ordered Graham, crawling forward with great pain and effort. "Fate it is—who wins?"

Lewis pointed to the coin.

It stuck, straight up, in the clay mud of the ravine. It stood on edge; it was neither heads nor tails.

Lilacs In The Square

by Laura Reid Montgomery

"I WONDER what Meredith will say tonight," Ronald stopped his little car before the boarding-house and ran up the steps with a victorious smile playing about his firm mouth. Meredith was so lovely and wore such dazzling frocks that she had taken the usually conservative young man by storm and he hoped uneasily that Mollie hadn't been hurt by the abrupt cessation of his calls, "Not that Mollie isn't a fine girl and all," he told himself—"but Meredith—"

The inside door had opened quickly, almost as tho the girl had been watching for him.

"A wonderful night to go," she murmured with the rather haughty, reticent manner that mystified him, "we'll dance in——"

"Your ma wants you should——"

Meredith jumped into the car without, as usual, waiting for assistance: "Hurry," she urged.

"But your maid is calling."

"Tell mother I took a wrap," called the girl and shrugged her fur coat about her bare neck.

As Ronald finished cranking he saw Dick Masterson in at Mollie's cottage which was next door to the boarding-houses.

Ronald looked annoyed. He had not supposed that Mollie would go to the dance with Dick.

"I'll trade a dance with you, Dick," called Ronald, and Meredith frowned.

"Don't know, I hope to dance it straight," came back Dick's reply, and he shifted the florist box done up in white paper and tied with opulent golden ribbon.

"Hasn't he the vilest manners?" Meredith pouted. "He knows I wouldn't dance with him—he's taking that plain girl who lives in the little cottage."

"Mollie's a fine girl," he found himself speaking with an unexpected warmth, "she is the best daughter——"

Meredith's giggle stopped him. "Yeah, when she's nothing else to be said one says 'she's a fine girl.' Of course, the every girl can't have beauty. Do you know," her big blue eyes with the sweep smudgy lines of black about them lifted confidingly to his, "I went to the studio with Mollie yesterday and I believe I'll get a chance to go on. The director said I was picture-perfect. Features that screen well are always in demand and light hair, especially."

Ronald regarded the fuzzy hair and wondered why more girls did not have that wonderful gold in their hair. It seemed dreamlike to him that this wonder-girl with her beautiful, picture-perfect face should single him out for her favors.

When she joined him at the cloak-room door where he had waited for some time he shot a quick glance at her frock and then looked away. He fancied it was much too low and stared at the other girls who were coming.

"Well, I see you came, after all. Aren't so lucky to get that job in Brown's office Meredith?"

"I don't want it," Meredith replied petulantly. "I think I'll screen there all the time—I'm sure I have a wonderful face and I know I'm picture-perfect."

Ronald felt uneasily relieved when she "turned on" for the benefit of her own consisted only of straps studded with dubious jewels.

But she was so charming and vivacious during their walk home under the stars that his misgivings as to her flirtatious manner during the evening melted away.

"Don't turn up that street," she begged prettily as they neared the boarding house, "couldn't we go out into the country for a spin?"

As she spoke a breath of lilacs drifted across the road and their clean sweet fragrance reminded him of Mollie. Mollie with her crisp pink cotton frocks and stout little white shoes. As he hesitated the girl nestled closer against his shoulder and he glanced down at her fur cloak that must have been warm for the spring breeze. "I wish," he said, suddenly, "that Mollie——" instantly he checked himself, but he did not turn up the country road. Why should he care what Mollie had to wear—Dick had boasted that he hoped to dance it straight that night, but Ronald had not seen them there. He pictured them in some restaurant that they frequented—some place than they would have been with their own crowd.

"When I'm a great film actress you'll be begging me to go for long drives," said Meredith, sulkily, "a girl whose face is picture-perfect."

Ronald had ceased to listen, for drawn up at the curb was Doctor Murray's blue coupe.

"I'll come up with you and see if there is anything I can do," said Ronald, who knew that Meredith's mother had a weak heart.

The little maid-servant admitted them and fixed angry eyes on Meredith. "I ran down and called you back," she cried, "your mother was faint then and you wouldn't come."

Meredith paled and ran swiftly up the stairs, stumbling on the oilcloth.

Doctor Murray did not speak to her as she neared him, and, in answer to her question, said: "She's thru it this time, but she'll have to prove picture-perfect no worries. I hear Brown offered you a job; better take it," and he brushed past her.

"If it hadn't been for Mollie, she'd have died," said the physician to Ronald, who lingered in the hall, "she brought over a [illegible] had in the house. The mistress of the house was so prostrated that the slavey didn't know what to do.

I thought Mollie went to a dance with Dick——"

The doctor's angry face cleared: "She was all dressed to go, but she gave up her pleasure. Mighty strange, Mollie," he ended severely, "than her own daughter did."

And when Mollie came downstairs later Ronald was waiting for her. Thought maybe you'd like to go for a little spin after being up with mother," he said, worshipping eyes upon her brown hair and simple frock of white linen. "I'll put my car around for you. The lilacs are out in the square; want to drive past and get a smell?"

And Mollie, realizing that the romance she had fancied was not for her, had come to her belatedly, smiled radiantly up into his face

THE END

* * *

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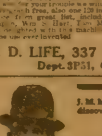

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Destiny and the Man

(Continued From Page 6)

[illegible] stood, undecided still, [illegible] the revered likeness of his Nancy [illegible] shining gilt frame. And [illegible] face, which was so like in both feature and expression the face of the photograph that William Brighton carried, his Nancy's words stood out plainer than ever in his remembrance.

"If it's necessary, STEAL for her!"

Big, sun-tanned Tom Lane clinched his powerful hands and told himself that it had been unjust for him to have to make the stolen pay roll good. It hadn't been [illegible] upon the clod made his [illegible]ion. He went straight [illegible] at the logging camp, [illegible] deliberately eye-holed a wide bandana and hid it and his revolver inside his shirt. Soon afterward he left the camp clearing on the road that led cityward. He would have his own money back for Catherine, of whom his worship was almost Pagan. He would keep his promise. It wasn't wrong. It was sacrifice. He was stooping to fill a [illegible] need.

For the high light of the Cabin Creek operations to separate himself from his work twice in one day was an uncommon thing, and quite naturally it excited more or less of curiosity and comment among the men of the logging crew. Basher Joe Peele did some reasoning that was next to uncanny, and came to the conclusion that he understood the matter of Lane's second absence. He stole from his [illegible], hid a big revolver inside his shirt exactly as Lane had done, and went shadowing Lane thru the woods

V.

TIRED and hungry, half sick with his "hangover" from the dissipation of the night before, William Brighton lay down at the base of a great tree, near a small copse of undergrowth, and once more began to stare at the photograph that to him was the very essence of both romance and mystery. He muttered:

"If you're on earth, I'll find you."

At once he dropped off to sleep.

This thing that we call Destiny because we have no better name for it—it moved a finger again. Catherine Lane, her small rifle in the crook of her arm, carrying half a dozen wild flowers, walked slowly around the little copse of scrub and almost stepped on the foot of a strange young man in dress suit and silk hat, sound asleep—with her own photograph in his hand! She was so upset at the sight that she dropped her flowers and barely succeeded in smothering a cry of fright. Then she overcame her amazement, and was just a trifle angry [illegible] no utter stranger had any right whatsoever to be carrying her photograph around [illegible].

But [illegible] he tiny wave of anger passed [illegible]. In spite of herself, she was [illegible] drawn toward the good looking young fellow in the highly incongruous clothing. Brighton stirred uneasily, as tho he felt her speculative stare. The next moment he opened his eyes, and his amazement at seeing the original of the to him divine photograph more than equaled hers of shortly before. Their gaze locked solemnly. Brighton sat up and rubbed his eyes in disbelief, and while he was doing this the girl flitted like a spirit behind the nearby copse of undergrowth.

"I must have dreamed it," Brighton muttered disappointedly. And yet, he looked around him eagerly. The scrub that Catherine peered thru was dense, [illegible] he didn't see her. Once again he made the "Never never any more" sign.

But there were the flowers, their stems freshly broken, that she had dropped. He wondered, picked them up gingerly, and as gingerly put them down. He simply couldn't understand it—there was something supernatural about it! His shoulders caught themselves up in a shrug, as tho to say that it was a thing one could never hope to fathom. Then Catherine, watching closely, saw him smile almost tenderly at her likeness, and she would have given half the world for the answer to the mystery.

Suddenly Brighton pocketed the photo, and went to his feet with the air of a man who has some definite idea to carry out immediately. He walked to a point from which he was able to see in all directions. Before his eyes stretched a dirty white ribbon of a road, the one that led from Tom Lane's logging-camp to Brighton's home city, tho Brighton didn't know that. Coming from the westward, he made out the figure of a horseman, [illegible] was the Cabin Creek Lumber Company's pay roll messenger; coming from the [illegible]stward were two big men on foot, [illegible] one, plainly, was shadowing the [illegible].

With Catherine Lane following him slowly and unseen, Brighton started toward the road at the nearest point. . . . He was about to shout at the horseman, when Tom Lane, now masked, straightened in the roadside scrub a little ahead of the messenger, leveled his revolver, and bellowed in a disguised voice.

"Drop it!"

Brighton was somewhat fascinated as he realized that he was witnessing a dyed-in-the-wool holdup. He kept silent and watched with the eager intentness of a boy. Behind him, Catherine stared dumfoundedly at the little drama that was going on in the road below and before her. The pay roll messenger showed fright, obediently dropped the satchel, turned his horse quickly and was gone cityward like a streak. Tom Lane hurried to the satchel and picked it up in a decidedly awkward manner. Basher Joe Peele stole to a point a few yards from Lane's back, and ordered, his revolver menacing

"Drop it!"

The clod wheeled, saw that Basher Joe had him neatly covered, let the pay-satchel fall heavily, and stood as one frozen in his tracks. Basher Joe stepped forward with a taunting leer, his weapon trained squarely toward Lane's stomach; he tore off Lan'e bandana mask and nodded triumphantly—and Catherine, who saw, went white and clutched at her throat. Lane was fully aware of his desperate position. Already he could see himself a robber in irons, could see his idolized daughter's grief. He turned, darted into the woods and was gone. Basher Joe took up the satchel, and grinned villainously. Something red and wild crept into the blood of the watching William Brighton. He hid himself better, and peered slyly toward the exulting Basher Joe; then he called out impulsively:

"Drop it!"

At the sound of the big, strange voice, Basher Joe Peeler straightened and looked hard on all sides of him. He saw no person, and that made him but the more afraid to ignore the command. He left the pay-roll intact, and disappeared in the undergrowth as tho magically. Brighton walked to the satchel and took it up in his hands; he was half amused, and both surprised and delighted, tho he didn't know what to do with the thing now that he had it!

Catherine Lane tiptoed up close behind him, held her little rifle ready but not trained upon him, and said quietly:

"Give me that."

Brighton snapped around, facing her. He was pleasantly stunned at the sight of her, and he gave her the satchel almost eagerly. She seemed greatly worried, and nervously pointed cityward along the road.

"Go back to your town," she urged.

But Brighton shook his head. He wasn't going back, now that he had found her, tho he didn't quite dare tell her that. Then, while he stood drinking her in dumbly, hungrily, she ventured:

"The logging camp won't suit you. It's rough. Where did you get my picture?"

He shook his head again, and smiled apologetically. He didn't know how he had come by it, hadn't the slightest idea, but he feared being too explicit! Catherine moved toward the logging camp, and Brighton followed her a good deal like a devoted dog. She halted and once more insisted that he go back—of course, he must have seen her father pull off the first of the series of holdups, and quite naturally she feared it would mean unpleasant complications if he went on. Still he refused, and demanded to know why. He smiled, sobered, and told her:

Yesterday my name was 'Willie.' From this minute on, it's——"

Something in her level, searching gaze disconcerted him, made him feel and act like a bashful boy, tho the sheer earnestness of him was engaging. Catherine smiled in spite of her burden of anxiety. Her lips, becoming quite roguish, formed the words, while her eyes sparkled inquiringly up to his——

"What is your name now?"

He straightened and told her very seriously, a fine determination in every line of his countenance:

"Bulldog Bill Brighton."

And he added: "I'm going to that logging camp, get a job, and make an honest-to-God man of myself."

She looked at him in some admiration. Since it was of no use whatever to try to persuade him to go to his town, she turned toward the camp again and called resignedly over her shoulder:

"Then come on, 'Bulldog'."

They threaded the winding woods road together, Brighton feasting his eyes on the girl's profile and the girl endeavoring bravely to keep her anxiety from showing. He asked gallantly to be permitted to carry the satchel, and she gave it to him. . Before they had gone very far, the clatter of hoofs on stones rang from some little distance behind them; it was the pay-roll messenger, on his way to the camp with news of the robbery. Catherine did a moment's quick thinking. Then she took the pay-satchel from Brighton's hand, ordering him to hide himself in the scrub and he obeyed without question. After having slyly made sure that it really was the messenger, Catherine placed the satchel in the middle of the road, and hid herself near Brighton. The horseman's amazement and delight was boundless when he had satisfied [illegible] that the pay-roll money had not been touched. After he had ridden out of sight toward [illegible], Catherine and the city man [illegible] from their hiding [illegible] and resumed their journey.

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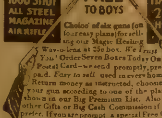

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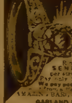

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the camp clearing, the girl put a hand lightly on Brighton's arm and halted him. She said tremulously

"Please, don't say a single word about anything you've seen today."

Brighton took off his hat and lifted his right hand as one does in an oath; it was more impressive than mere words could have made it. Catherine Lane's face showed relief, and hope. She gave him a smile of gratitude, and turned homeward, and Brighton went on into the clearing and soon found the office of the superintendent.

He was about to rap on the half-closed door, when voices from inside came to his ears; he held his hand poised in the air and listened, an eavesdropper without in the least intending to be one. Then his gaze slipped from the half-open doorway and found Basher Joe Peele standing in an attitude of menace over Tom Lane, who sat at his scarred desk, with the pay-roll satchel at his elbow. Peele spoke again:

"I tried to get the money back for the company."

Lane met the palpable lie with a smile of derision that had an element of the terrible in it. Basher Joe narrowed his eyes in a sinister fashion, and went on:

"I suggest you make me a foreman, Tom."

The superintendent nodded. Surely, there was nothing else to do under the circumstances. The sword of blackmail [illegible] hung over him by a thread [illegible]

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and turned, and ran almost into Catherine and her father, both of whom were sober-faced. Peele stood, arms folded across his mammoth chest, grinning a few feet away. Brighton re his hat, looked ward Catherine, and said with a novian [illegible] "I lasted four minut I'll whip him

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"I'm Bulldog Bill Brighton, and I want a job."

Lane smiled little. He searched the new men out with his steady gaze, ded, and that Brighton got out of his stylish rigging at into the kind of clothing that lumberjacks wore. Brighton hastened away, and ran into Basher Joe Peele and some other men outside. The loggers, and especially, laughed loudly at the evening raiment, and Ba taunted

"Did you bring along, de

Bill" took the proverbial hovine the horns i his own particular way. He threw off his coat and r rolled his [illegible] fastidiously, walk up to the and struck full in the ard with a

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Basher Joe

"You insufferable—animal!"

Peele recoiled. The water came, and the girl knelt beside the newcomer, ed his face and brought him to, ton smiled at her, and she rose and left him without a word, going to the nearby store. Brighton climbed weakly to his feet, picked up his coat and hat, looked for Basher Joe Peele and found him—and told him in the most earnest manner imaginable:

"On or before [illegible] days from date, I promise to give you one complete thrashing. Kindly suggest that I'm put into your gang, now."

The other loggers, Tom Lane in the office doorway, and Catherine in the store's front entrance, looked and were impressed in spite of themselves. Even Basher Joe was somewhat impressed, but he tried to laugh it off.

At the supper table that evening Tom Lane awkwardly confessed to his daughter that he had been robbed of the pay roll the evening before, and had had to make it good. He added that perhaps she wouldn't get to go to college—whereupon Catherine saw blessed light, and declared that she was well enough educated anyway.

The next morning Brighton went, at Lane's direction, to a crook-roads settlement store a few miles away, and telephoned to his home in the city. He told his servant, old black Isham, that he was "taking a month's vacation," and to keep things "straight" until he returned.

VI

A FEW days later "Bulldog Bill" Brighton was swinging an axe as nonchalantly, at least, as an other member of Foreman Joe Peele's woods gang, and laughing at the broken and pai-ful blisters in his hands. During this se few days of the hardest work he had ever known, he had come to be on very friendly terms with the superintendent and his more than charming daughter. He now looked upon Catherine's photograph as vastly [illegible] precious thing in the [illegible] Can [illegible] herself.

Came an evening when he walked into the camp clearing to find Joe Peele monopolizing the attentions of the girl; the two stood a few feet from the store's front doorway. Peele was cunning enough to talk up to her now, instead of down. She seemed bored, however, and apparently about to [illegible] her [illegible] caught sight of Brighton out of the corners of her eyes, and her whole demeanor ch [illegible] actually appeared to be enjoying society! It was, of course, the old, instinctive feminine desire [illegible] cite jealousy in the favored one [illegible] chance at Brighton, who [illegible] little [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

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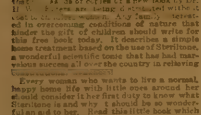

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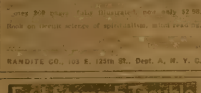

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Destiny and the Man

(Continued From Page 15.)

The girl said nothing, but her countenance showed no reproof. The Lanes turned toward the store. Peele followed and tried to resume his conversation with Catherine, and had no success.

On the evening of the next day Brighton arrived at the camp a minute ahead of Joe Peele, and found Catherine just starting homeward from her father's office. He lifted his hat politely and fell into step with her—and she rewarded his little boldness with a smile that nearly took him off his feet. Behind Joe Peele walked into the clearing on the other side just as Brighton and Catherine Lane were entering the woods path that led to the girl's home. Peele's eyes were keen. He swore. Brighton said something funny, and Catherine laughed like a happy child. Peele's ears, too, were keen. He swore again.

The young couple got along immensely. Their step slowed, for they found a good deal to talk about. The trees, the wild flowers, the [illegible] the evening—all received eloquent eulogy. Then Catherine stopped and showed Brighton a bird's nest tucked in a bush, and bade him to be very, very sure he didn't touch the diminutive eggs, pointing to the quarrelling mother bird on a branch above; and the tenderness and utter sweetness of her in her solicitude for the prospective chief feathered family put her escort's head to swimming—he forgot a number of the conventional things, and caught her hand in his.

A great hand fell like a leaden weight on Brighton's shoulder. He wheeled. There stood Basher Joe Peele, [illegible] come on, Bulldog; let's fight the third [illegible]

Brighton trembled in fiery anger at the serpent in his Eden. But he took his feelings under control like a gentleman and smiled, turned to the wide-eyed [illegible] and said with the air of a [illegible] sterfield:

"Will you kindly excuse me, Miss [illegible] lady could have shown nicer [illegible] than [illegible] which accompanied [illegible]

Certainly, Mr. Brighton."

[illegible] warned against [illegible] the birds' nest in his belief [illegible] and walked on homeward. W[illegible] all had hidden [illegible] pped [illegible]

[illegible] rolled th[illegible]ighton [illegible] [illegible] minute—he [illegible] and [illegible] were at Basher [illegible] hirlwind [illegible] before, met him wit[illegible]

It was a pretty good fight. Th[illegible]ty [illegible] arning something of t[illegible] struggle. But, as is only to be expected, Brighton went down again in defeat. Battered, bruised, bleeding, [illegible] difficulty noted the [illegible] in a pitiful triumph; his gaze found Peele, and he shot words like bullets at [illegible] lick you yet, you [illegible]

He [illegible] Catherine [illegible] was watching anxiously from be[illegible] tree a[illegible] wouldn't [illegible] Peele [illegible] particularly pleasant [illegible] hastened down [illegible] the idea of overtaking Catherine. Brighton, with his face [illegible] his bandana, rose staggeringly, and [illegible] limping toward the camp—no man w[illegible] the woman he loves to see him when he wears a disfigured countenance! He hadn't noticed that Peele had gone toward the Lane cabin.

Around the first crook in the trail, Brighton mussed his watch and at once remembered that he had left it lying on the scene of his most recent battle. He [illegible] lick you yet, you [illegible]

He [illegible] Catherine [illegible] was watching anxiously from be[illegible] tree a[illegible] wouldn't [illegible] Peele [illegible] particularly pleasant [illegible] hastened down [illegible] the idea of overtaking Catherine. Brighton, with his face [illegible] his bandana, rose staggeringly, and [illegible] limping toward the camp—no man w[illegible] the woman he loves to see him when he wears a disfigured countenance! He hadn't noticed that Peele had gone toward the Lane cabin.

Around the first crook in the trail, Brighton mussed his watch and at once remembered that he had left it lying on the scene of his most recent battle. He wondered, and held out the timepiece; she had found it—and held it to her cheek fondly—but he didn't [illegible] that. Without a word they [illegible] gether toward her home, and he was more than ever perplexed by her almost chilling demeanor. A man of twice [illegible] age and experience with Old Gray Life would have told him that she was holding an armor of reserve over her innate, throbbing desire to mother his brother.

Basher Joe Peele appointed, stepped into the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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corner of the cabin, plucking the petals and dropping them as she went. "He loves me—not," with the next.

He saw her plucking the flower petals thus, and he smiled brightly. She was soon out of his sight. He hastened into the cabin yard and began following the train of golden petals—he imagined incantations that they were fairy tooth-prints, and picking them up as he would coloring after her:

"She loves me—not," with the one, and, "She loves me—not," with the next. Just as Catherine, doubtless, had intended that he should do, for there are more sweet secrets in the bright maiden's heart than all the philosophers have dreamed of.

The tiny trail came to an abrupt end at a small copse of undergrowth in the woods, and the last petal Brighton picked up gave him the welcome message, "She loves me not!" All about him he looked, and saw nothing that he wished to see. Then he settled down to a hopeful little smile playing over his countenance, around the copse—

And there discovered, kneeling Catherine, her eyes half mischievous—and half adoring, holding up before him in both forefingers the petal which bade last, "She loves me not." Brighton was quick to guess the joyful significance of it. Impulsively he caught her unprepared tight in his arms—something fell with the weight of a mountain on his shoulder from behind, and a voice that to him was the embodiment of all that was evil in the universe rang in his ears:

"Come on, Bulldog—let's fight!"

Brighton gave a quick, startled look in flash as he threw the heavy hand from his shoulder and jerked his head around to see the dominant grinning Basher No. Peele serpent of his Eden With bitter reluctance he released the girl, who stepped backward, coldly, and silently away, her gaze on the ground at her feet. It was hard for Brighton to hold himself in until Catherine had gone.

The two men threw aside their hats and rolled their sleeves and tightened their belts. Brighton did not forget to put his watch down on a stone and note time exactly. The battle began at once, and it beggared description; it was so fast, so utterly terrific and primitive, that no fiction could possibly have kept anything like pace in it. To evade a blow was a thing sought by neither man; to rain both, all on earth that mattered was to land a blow.

Catherine hadn't gone home. She was now on her knees in the nearby underbrush, her hands upward-clasped against her breast, watching the awful contest in an anxiety that had driven the color from her cheeks and lips.

Why, God, did this have to be? Poor little adoring Catharine fought more of that fight than William Brighton fought. Always the shadow of the sword is a cross, and it falls always heaviest upon women.

Big Tom Lane, his bearded face set as hard as adamant, his eyes still on fire with fever, hurried to his cabin and listened sharply as he crossed the threshold. Standing in the center of the living-room-dining-room, he called his daughter's name and had no response. A moment, and he had brought up before the dead wife's picture in the shining frame, his head bared in reverence. He looked at the beloved likeness with his soul in his burning eyes The face faded out slowly to him, and once again he saw his Nancy on her deathbed—and once again her lips formed the words:

"If it's necessary, steal for her—kill for her!

The final chapters of this thrilling story will appear in next week's Ledger. There is much to be told and Mr. Allen tells it in masterful fashion. Do not miss it!

A Business Man's Solution

(Continued From Page 2)

you do me a favor, a very great favor, without asking for my motive?"

"Anything within my power," Hennessey replied, without hesitation, visibly affected by the other's evident seriousness.

"It's just this," Allan continued; "Please let me go to Suva at once—tomorrow."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Hennessey, "do you want to work yourself to death? I'm no slave driver, my men—" He broke off and looked at Alan intently. Hennessey was a mighty discerning man. He had seen of life's bitter draughts, in his time, and he sensed what was going on in the younger man's mind.

"You may do as you ask. There is a boat tomorrow at nine. I shall have everything in readiness at eight, even if I have to keep the force here all night. My boy, go at once, if that is your wish."

"COME in," Helene directed languidly in response to a knock at the door. "Helene," began Allan, after an awkward pause, "I must speak to you at once regarding a certain matter, a very ah—delicate matter."

Helene's face paled a bit. Had he somehow learned of her affair with Alan? Was he going to denounce her? She hardly knew whether to be tremendously relieved or terribly frightened and felt a sudden lack of breath accompanied by a sinking sensation.

"It is no easy matter for me to speak as I must," Allan continued, and it is only after much thought and weighing of the consequences that I have arrived at my decision. To hurt you, is my last wish, I respect you and hold you in the highest esteem, but, I have come to the conclusion that honesty must dictate my course. Frankly, I am in love, desperately, hopelessly—with another woman!"

Helene stared at her pudgy mate in amazement. Him desperately in love! She wanted to shriek with laughter and then cry with joy. For the first time during their marriage she honestly desired to put her arms about his neck and kiss him. Was the poor little dear was really human, she thought, and immediately felt a new sense of camaraderie for the creature who now sat, eyes averted, awaiting the flow of invective he felt sure was about to be directed toward him.

"What do you intend doing?" she finally managed in an even tone.

"Helene, you understand, you are not going to denounce me and go into hysterics?" he eyed her in amazement; Helene calmly scrutinized her nails.

"Yes, I understand—but, what are we to do?"

"I shall go away," he spoke eagerly. "You can obtain a divorce on grounds of desertion. I will be liberal. I fully realize what a cad I am. I deserve to be shot—I—" For some moments neither spoke. It was Helene who finally relieved the tension.

"Suppose I should choose to go away and desert you? Could you obtain a divorse without blackening my name?"

"You darling, I don't deserve such a wife and I will not allow you to make such a sacrifice!" Helene became alarmed. The frightful thought entered her mind that she might win back her husband's love thru her pseudo-noble attitude.

She forced herself to speak sharply: "You will have to pay dearly tho; I shall insist on an immediate cash settlement, and a large one."

AT LAST the boat pulled up to the little dinky little wharf at Suva. Helene had not notified Alan of her coming

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and there was no one to meet her; she located the steamer office with little difficulty, however, and, after a short consultation with the agent, was allotted a native guide, and provided with a dinky cart. The little city's streets, while quaint to the 'nth degree, contained very little of interest and impressed one mainly with their dinginess and filth. Once out of the town however, it was different. Before her stretched a verdant valley broken in the distance by a tall mountain range. To the left the ocean lay sparkling in the sun. A short distance from the beach, on a little rise, half hidden by a group of ylang-ylang trees, stood a bungalow. This, the guide informed her, thru the medium of many gesticulations, was her destination.

The romantic beauty of the spot, the exotic panorama of tropical splendor spread on all sides, were almost too much for the girl. Her heart beat wildly. To think that she was but a few feet away. She dismissed her guide with a handful of coins and signified her intention of finishing the trip alone.

Before she made a move to go on as she traversed the little path leading to the bungalow, Her modish traveling suit, neat slippers, and stylish headgear, were indeed an unusual sight amid such surroundings. At last she reached the steps to the bungalow and mounted them noiselessly. He was there, reading, and did not look up once, so quiet had her approach been. In a moment some subtle feeling made him aware of her presence, and he glanced up to behold the personification of a thousand day dreams. Throwing his paper to the floor he approached her slowly, reverently, half unbelievingly placing his hand lightly upon her shoulder as tho to satisfy his senses that he was not dreaming. With a quick movement he swept her into his arms to which she promptly responded. Lips in contact with her pearly teeth. Her hair fell back upon the arm with which he was supporting her, and her hat rolled unnoticed to the floor. As they stood thus, strained to each other, the sun sank beyond the distant hills throwing a reddish glow over the scene. Far off on the ocean a steamer blew three long blasts and two short ones to be answered at once by a like signal from a sister ship. The waves broke upon the beach, but a few feet away, with a pleasingly monotonous sound. Then Afton Allan Dale cuddled himself with Helene at his side, a ukulele sounded somewhere not far distant as the owner strummed a soft, weird love song of the tropics.

BACK in New York a decidedly unromantic looking little financier sat at his private glass-topped desk gazing at a picture of his ex-wife, framed in silver. It was late. The office force had long since departed, but the little man remained. Before him on the desk, beside the picture, lay an impressive looking legal document: "Decree of absolute Divorce," it read.

He addressed the picture, speaking aloud in his reverie.

"Helene, when that old frump told me about your actions in Florence, and also in Venice, I refused to believe her; but when I fled to you, told you I loved another, and you, so eagerly accepted the opportunity to be free—then I believed her. You never could learn to control to roll down his fat, puffy cheek

For some time the pudgy man remained at his desk watching the lights twinkle into life, one by one, out over the darkening city. When he was again able to speak he went on, still addressing the picture. "Never could learn to spout the pretty phrases other men use to make women understand that they love them—but when that romantic idiot gets thru with you, and you get tired of that dirty, malarial hole down there, perhaps you will have learned that one word, 'If' unromantic, care means something. Then, I'll take you back again, and perhaps you'll understand me better."

THE END.

A Perfumed Altar Flame

(Concluded From Page 8)

now stood before him, a fairy princess, the creature of his dreams. He knew what a car[illegible]sure-loving girl she had always been, and wondered vaguely how she had lived since her father had died [illegible] more than a year before.

The warmth that had crept over Afton was followed by a sudden and violent chill. He once more caught up his burdens and staggered down the snowy street. He did not wonder where the girl was going; but he made one turning and then another and presently set down his grip at the back door of a small brick gate. Before him were two lighted but curtained windows. Then he knew to whom he had come at last. Afton knocked and he thought he knew also why those windows were still lighted. April had been to the ball, of course; she never missed one.

"WHO is that?" A girl in a sort of [illegible]ening dress, very showy and very much in style, came and stood in the doorway. Bright fluffy hair framed a well beautified head and slim [illegible] it was April

He tried to speak, but went onward thru the house, staggering a little like a drunken man; and the girl stood in the doorway peering toward him with a puzzled frown on her pretty face

"It is Afton," he whispered hoarsely. "Don't you know me, April?"

"Why, hello, Afton, come in!" There was a genuine ring of welcome in the girl's voice. Afton's heart leaped with a feeling of that warm, moist handclasp. He had dream of it had dwelt in his own lonely room during the years of his exile, just as her dream kisses upon his lips had kept always a little hope alive in his heart.

"Wait here in the hall just a minute," said the girl in a little flurry of excitement. "I must change from my sitting-room a bit before I can ask you in. I—I am to dance tonight, and there are two young men coming for me. You—you don't know them. I will ask them to go."

A wave of hot indign tion swept over Afton as a peal of sil ld laughter came from the room. That girl, who had never respected April as they should—he had told her that many a time and had begged her to marry him—that coy, pure girl, the daughter of a bricklayer, to stick to the humbler set in the village and quit going to public dances with a wild young men. The two men who became thru the hallway a moment later were plainly of the fast type. The younger of the two gave Afton an insolent stare as he passed out.

A moment later the girl flung open the door and invited him into her sitting-room. It was an elegant room, much more so than it had been when he used to visit there so often and when the girl's father was still living. Surely April's father had left her considerable insurance, or she had found a rich lover like this. Afton remembered Jim Dale as an industrious but spendthrift and intemperate workman.

"Come and sit here nearest the stove, dearie," said the girl, as with a motherly fussiness she unwrapped his scarf and helped him off with his overcoat. She led him to a davenport and placed a sofa pillow at his head.

"And now for something to eat—some sandwiches and a nip of brandy."

April stepped out of the room and returned with a tray of sandwiches already made up and a coffee pot, which she placed upon the stove.

"This girl must live in style," mused Afton

April went out and returned for the second time with a bottle of brandy bearing a French label.

Some of this in your coffee is what you need," she said, and measured him out a generous dram.

The coffee and brandy put new life into Afton's veins. The girl became to him once more the creature of his dreams, and even more. What was this? She was preparing supper for him tonight. This was like having a wife. The deemed-up affection, expressed only in the sense of comfort for three long years, flamed up in him.

"April," he said aloud, for the warmth and the food had at last released his [illegible] "April, I have thought of every letter and every postcard you sent me."

"I have kept every one of yours."

"April, tell me: do you still love me?" The answer the girl came and sat very close to him on the davenport and began to feed him sandwiches as she feeds a small child

"I have dreamed of your kisses," he murmured more to himself than to her.

She caught his face between her hands and placed hers upon the lips—in spite of what was clearly written upon his hectic cheeks

AN HOUR later he rose from the davenport. He felt more like a well man than he had felt for months. He was happier than he had been for years. The girl had put hope into him once more. She had [illegible] him [illegible] to the Southwest w[illegible] he had told her of a [illegible] of a valley that he there during his w[illegible] in a th[illegible] any one. [illegible] happy

"You will sleep across the hall in papa's room," said the girl as they [illegible] "I know you don't want to go back home tonight."

"No, I will not go back home tonight," he said very slowly.

The next morning he was so ill that he could not rise from his pillow.

"Send for mother," he whispered "I won't get up today—nor perhaps to-morrow."

Two silvery tears sprang into the girl's beautiful eyes. As she turned from the room she saw the gray trail shoulder. Three times that morning she [illegible] stood on the sick man he urged [illegible] go and fetch his mother, and a [illegible] before noon she went. She returned [illegible] less than half an hour, distraught [illegible] nervous.

"Your mother is sick in bed, [illegible] she said; "and your father is [illegible] in the house with rheumatism. [illegible] I had to fib to them and tell them [illegible] were sitting up and looked well or they [illegible] have exposed themselves and come out [illegible] The storm is getting [illegible]

The storm was not the [illegible] April "gone to the Hargrave and offer[illegible] hesitation told them that their son [illegible] at the house.

"And so he has come back to N[illegible] but chooses to go to you 'stid o' comin' to them that's been payin' his bills for [illegible]

Poultry Expert Tells How To Make Hens Lay

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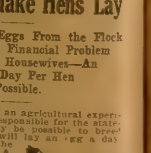

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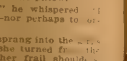

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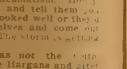

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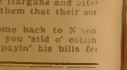

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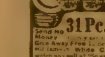

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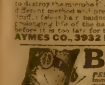

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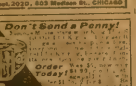

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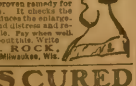

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three years past," growled the old carpenter.

Afton had told the girl nothing of what occurred the night before; she had no explanation to offer.

"I will go and fetch him home," put in the quavering voice of the old mother. "Martha, shut up your mouth an' go into the house!" thundered the old man. "April Bell, git offen my premises before I call the marshal an' have you kicked out!"

Weeping, the girl beat a hasty retreat.

For the remainder of the day the dewy-eyed girl, with tenderest care and with a hundred little love tokens, managed to keep the young man's mind off his parents. They talked again of his little paradise in the Southwest and he told her where she could find in his trip a number of Kodak pictures of the place. But the second day, during the afternoon, he insisted on dressing himself and walking to see his parents. April was afraid to let him go alone, for there was still ice on the sidewalks, and so walked the distance with him.

As they turned the corner of the street near the carpenter shop Afton saw his parents, who had been watching from the veranda, flee into the living room and close the door.

"Let's go back," he said hoarsely to the girl. "They don't want to see us."

"No, go on in," urged the girl. "It's me they object to. But I'll go back now, and I'll—I'll call you up—from them."

"No, I will not go in," said Afton. And then rapidly he told the girl that they had driven him from the house two nights before. He did not explain that it was because he had not had the nerve to make himself known to them. His soul was full of the bitterness of a dying man.

"Come with me," said the girl very solemnly. "Come with me to the courthouse and we will be married, then you will at least have a home."

They turned and started away together, and just then the door of the house of his wife once more came out upon the veranda.

"Afton," called the mother, "you fool, here! Don't go away—with her!"

"Go on to her—go on to your mother," pleaded the girl as Afton hesitated, puzzled.

"Let them go," growled Jonathan Hargan. "Martha, you stuff supper in me!" And the little stooped, years-weary woman knew nothing but to obey.

At the words, "fool, there," all Afton's pride stood up in him. The contrast of the two receptions he had gotten made him turn in loyalty to the girl. But he was puzzled and troubled at the way his mother had spoken. Within an hour they were married.

THE words that followed were weeks of a nagging struggle for the life of the two good women, mother and a wife. For more than a year and a half since April Bell had first gotten herself talked about," the mother had planned to write to her son and tell him of the rumors that had been floating about the town. But a mother does not lightly wound an ailing son. She knew what her boy's affection for April was; she herself had loved the light-hearted girl in former years and had looked forward to having her for a daughter-in-law. Hargan and his neighbors had died of tuberculosis that seemed to stalk the family; and April, in her fragile, girlish tenderness, was and durable to the starving heart of the mother. And when her son had married the girl the mother was in daily fear lest he learn what all the town knew about her and that she herself might kill him. She wanted to see the boy, to talk with him; but old Hargan would neither go nor let her go, and nor invite him to come to them.

On the third morning after the marriage the girl, after telephoning to a half dozen places, but received only the coldest refusals. Four afternoons later she went to see the Rev. Mr. Smedley, the minister who had conducted her father's funeral services and who had called to see her shortly after about her coming to him if she ever needed a friend.

The good man was greatly affected by her story. "My wife and I have hardly live on what the church pays us," he said. "But we will divide with you. We won't see a sick man and for God. As for work, we have nothing for any one to do."

"But I must have work," said the girl dully. "How am I to account for myself in my husband's eyes unless I have work to do? I go away each morning and return late in the afternoon. I have told him that I am working at Rhodes' store; I must continue to keep him believing that. And then I must get hold of the money to take him West again."

"And what have you been doing with your days to keep up this deception?"

"Waiting," said the girl wearily.

And that was the truth. She walked the sidewalks every day, and I have walked into the country lanes and ruined my shoes. Besides everywhere I go people follow after me and annoy me. Women whisper behind my back in the streets and watch me from their doorsteps in the country."

"Poor child," said the ministers wife. The little faded woman came and put her arms about the frail girl. "You must come here and sit by our fire every day," she said, and April hastily left the house because she was choking with tears of gratitude.

So April managed always for a time to have something to do, but she wearied herself at times to accomplish it. And in spite of the aching void in his heart which his mother's love had been, the man was happy there in the empty house. All day long he sat in the ornate sitting-room and played low, crooning strains upon his violin, or when the weather was bright he stood in the dooryard looking out. And there were men who called on him, business men who had known him before he went West. They inquired about his wife always in the most respectful terms, but they always timed their calls when she was not at home. And there were neighbors in the same poor street, who came and neighbored—borrowed or loaned this or that little commodity and lingered for a bit of gossip. Often the neighbors gathered of an evening to hear him play. It was a good-hearted world, the little poverty-stricken world of the muddy back streets of Denver.

Then there were evenings of pure delight with April, when they sat and talked of their little chapel in the happy valley" home in the great Southwest They never gave up this dream. Indeed they developed it into a real plan.

"Listen, April," he would say for the hundredth time, "this place I am telling you about is a real oasis. There is a tiny bubbling spring enough for irrigation and a few apple trees and a little adobe for us to live in. The little lake and great speckled lilies growing everywhere. The old Indian chief settled the place and suddenly, and it has never been re-homed. Indeed, I spent a summer camping there with the last Indian of the tribe, and he was very fond of me. He would give the place to me for a song, I know."

"Yes, we will go there," the girl would cry. "We will go there soon."

The tone of her voice was a prayer each time she repeated the promise.

BUT as Afton gained in strength the spell became thinner and paler and almost nothing. One day he suddenly upon her in the kitchen. She was busy with the dishes, and the violin hoarding which he had to be used instead to satisfy.

"You are starving yourself," said April, you must not do that. I forbid him. Beginning tomorrow, I will what Hargan says. I am going to do it every day; and I'm going to bring him eggs and milk and butter and such things as you both need."

The next morning, a sweet, soft February afternoon, Martha Hargan went with her eldest to her son's new home. Upon the doorstep stood April looking pale but very beautiful. And in the doorway, standing like an attendant budded bush of bridal wreath, was her son. He had his violin and was playing an improvisation, strange, solemn and very beautiful. And the mother because she had always looked for songs to understand her son's playing, felt very sad.

When he came to the end of that piece April simply, as she came forward and raised her son first upon one cheek and then upon the other.

"I have returned Altar Flame," she answered the young man. "It is the finest composed and played by God to April." And then she quoted in reverent tones, "To her whose gentle will has changed my fate and made my life a perfumed altar flame."

In the boy's dark eyes a look had dawned that neither his mother nor April had ever seen there before. He spoke to his wife and looked at her always as if in wonderful worship and admiration, and he planned and talked of the little paradise in the West that he meant to take her to. The mother had not been in the house five minutes before he eargerly told her about his plans, and somewhat to his

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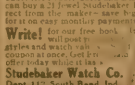

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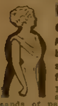

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surprise she eagerly agreed with him.

That night a little old woman, who for years had never asserted her will against the will of her husband, faced completely about.

"Jonathan Hargan," she said, "you are going with me tomorrow to see Afton, and you and me are going to furnish the money for them to go West on. And listen, if Afton dies out there, I am going to bring April here to live with us and be our daughter."

"What, Martha? What?"

"Jonathan, I've lived with you a-many a year, and I ain't never crossed you before; but I'm crossin' you in this, and I'm going to cross you till I die. John, you'd better read your Bible more. When Ruth's husband died, she come and lived with Naomi and followed her and took up her ways, and April is a-going to come and live with us."

"Mother, I reckon you're right," admitted the old man grudgingly, when she had told him everything. "She took him in when we drove him off—yes, I reckon you're right. I'll git up the money, and they can start West as soon as he's able to travel again."

BUT that same night there was a scene at April's home. Some one came at midnight, a drunken some one with an evil tongue. April, driven to desperation, threatened to shoot herself if the intruder did not go away. After that, she sobbed away the remainder of the night on the davenport in the sitting-room, and Afton was too weak after his emotion to get up and go to her. In the dawn she crept to him and begged his forgiveness.

"Forgive?" he asked wonderingly, and when she harped pitiously upon the word, he said: "Did Christ forgive Mary Magdalen when she washed his feet with her tears and dried them with her hair? I have known—several days I wanted to get you away to the West before you found out that I knew. But we can still go—we can still go!"

"Yes, dearie, we can start tomorrow. We can." The man had a sudden fit of coughing that stopped the girl in mid-speech.

"HELLO!" called April weakly that night before the Hargan home.

"Who's thar?"

"It's April. I want you folks to come! Afton is dead!"

The father got to his feet and slowly reached for his overcoat.

"Mother," he said in a choking voice, "tell the gel to come in while you're gettin' on your things. I ain't got nothin' agin' her."

"Some of the neighbors are with him," said April a moment later to the mother. "He looks natural. He's lying on the davenport with his violin in one hand and the bow in the other, just as I have seen him lie when he had fallen asleep. He was playing for me just a moment before—before—playing that piece, 'A Perfumed Altar Flame.'"

THE END.

Intuition

By George M. Johnson

HOT tears of humiliation flooded Helen Erickson's eyes as she sat before her typewriter, vainly trying to make some sense out of the puzzling array of pot hooks in her notebook. She had done her best, but there was scanty comfort in the thought.

Only a few days before—fresh from a course in a business school, hopes high for the future—Helen had started a two weeks' trial in the law office of Mr. Clarence Roberts. She just had to succeed, the girl told herself. Alas for those hopes! Her employer proved to be brusque and hasty-tempered—a type of individual inclined to have little patience with the shortcomings of an inexperienced stenographer. He always dictated rapidly, and Helen soon found herself lost in the maze of unfamiliar legal phraseology.

That first day was a nightmare, but the girl somehow managed to live thru it, and after dinner that night, in spite of a splitting headache, grimly set to work with her text book to practice and memorize legal word signs. The following day things went a trifle better. Just the same, the girl knew that she was far from giving satisfaction. Her pride was stung to the quick by Roberts' [illegible] criticism; pleasing the man seemed utterly impossible.

The third day started out worse than ever. She had to take an important letter which Roberts in the rush of other [illegible] on his desk, tore thru at truly [illegible] speed. Helen began missing [illegible], then as her panic increased, [illegible] phrases. Desperately she kept going, getting what she could, trusting that she would be able to supply from the context what she had lost.

At last she laid as much as she had managed to puzzle out, neatly typed, on her employer's desk.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Roberts," she apologized in quiet dignity; "you spoke too [illegible] for me. I'm afraid you'll have to correct this, and then I'll make another [illegible]."

"Why the deuce didn't you [illegible] while I was dictating?" he growled. [illegible]

[illegible] Helen thought as she [illegible] disconsolately to her typewriter. "He'll keep me the two weeks and then it's the grand bounce. I don't [illegible]!" defiantly. "He can have his old [illegible]!" But Helen did care, and she knew it.

That was the day Mr. Calhoun Phillips [illegible] the office—a well-dressed, [illegible] man about forty-five [illegible]. He inquired for Roberts.

"He's at court just now," said Helen. "I don't expect him back for an hour at least."

"I [illegible] a stranger in town," the other continued, "tho I plan to remain here [illegible]. I have just established [illegible] ons at the Tradesman's [illegible] Mr. Roberts also banks. I was [illegible] vice, and they referred [illegible]."

He paused for a moment.

"It's rather awkward for me. I [illegible] hoped to find Mr. Roberts at liberty, as I want to get this thing started right away. Do you happen to know whether he would be willing to undertake the collection of a note? I understood at the bank that he handled [illegible] business of [illegible]."

"I have been with Mr. Roberts only a short time," the girl replied, "but I know that he does such work."

"Good enough! Now I'll explain the matter to you, and you can take it up with your employer on his return. That will obviate the necessity of my seeing him today [illegible] an item of considerable importance, as I really must catch the noon express for Boston, and I have several things to attend to before that time."

He took a wallet from his pocket, extracting therefrom two or three papers, one of which he carefully separated from the others.

"Here is a note for $6,000, drawn in my favor by one Kenneth S. Walters of Trenton, New Jersey. As you will see, the note is over a week past due."

"Why didn't you deposit it for collection in a Trenton bank?" Helen asked.

"A natural question. However, there were several reasons why I did not, most [illegible] a personal nature which it is unnecessary to discuss at this moment. I might say that this [illegible] Walters I had long considered a close friend and I had every expectation that he would honor the note when it fell due. Something has turned him against [illegible]. I have my own suspicions as to what that something is, and it does the man no credit—and he has pointblank refused to pay. I know that he is able to do so, and that he will if sufficient pressure is brought to [illegible].

"That is the matter [illegible] I wish Mr. Roberts to handle for me. I want him to write a sharp letter—the sharper the better—demanding that Walters discharge his just obligations without delay. Once assured that I am taking legal steps to secure [illegible] undoubtedly come [illegible], if I may use that expression."

Helen had been making notes on a [illegible] of paper as the caller explained [illegible].

"Very well, Mr. Phillips," she said—he had introduced himself by a card—"I will tell Mr. Roberts about it as soon as he returns. Do you wish him to go so far as to threaten legal action in this first letter in default of settlement?"

"I shall leave that entirely to his judgment," Phillips returned smoothly. "To be sure I shall resort to legal redress if gentler measures fail, but I am certain that such procedure will be wholly unneccessary. You should receive a reply by the end of the week, and when you do please leave a phone call for me at my hotel, the Maywood."

Helen sat thinking after the visitor had left.

"Funny," she mused, "but I don't like that man. He's nice on the outside—in a way—but underneath he's different.

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How to Get Her FREE

[illegible] a penny—just your name and [illegible] saying, "Send me a beautiful art [illegible] to distribute among my friends and neighbors on your easy plan." It won't take you but a short time, a few hours at the most, [illegible] is yours, free and postpaid. We have given away [illegible] of [illegible] wonderful dolls, so [illegible] at once if you want one, too.

Dept. 7

W. D. BOYCE CO.

502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Hard [illegible] want to [illegible]

She [illegible] her hand.

"I wonder how he ever got this. There may be a story behind it; possibly even a tragedy."

An hour later Roberts came in, and Helen explained in full the matter of the note.

"What sort of looking chap was he?" Roberts asked.

She described the caller, ending with an impulsive, "I don't like him." Whereupon Roberts, who was in one of his good-natured moods, laughed.

"The trouble with you women," he stated, "is that you are always jumping at conclusions, like a hungry trout at a fly. The difference is that the trout usually hits the fly if he really wants it, while women generally hit the wrong conclusion. Often you like or dislike for no sounder reason than the color of the tie he wears. We can't do that in business, and few lawyers could afford to limit their practice to [illegible] personally agreeable to them."

Al Phillips is agreeable enough, Helen returned, but he doesn't look you in the eye. He is talking; not directly, that is. He gives the impression of being around on the other side, looking down over from behind."

Roberts dictated a letter, which Helen duly sent off to Mr. Kenneth S. Walters, of Trenton. On the whole, she thought, is was rather a mild letter.

THE rest of the week saw no great improvement in the office so far as Helen Erickson's duties were concerned. Roberts was a shade less disagreeable than at the start, and the girl merely kept on trying to do her best, which was all anyone could do.

By Saturday noon no reply had been received to the letter, nor had they heard again from Mr. Phillips. The office closed at 1, and when Roberts handed Helen her wages it was with the remark:

"I'm sorry, Miss Erickson, but I shall not need you after next week."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts," she replied, flushing a little. Helen was not disappointed, for this was only what she had expected. Roberts softened the dismissal by adding gently:

"I know you've tried hard, but I am a difficult man to please, and frankly, I need a secretary of considerable experience in legal work. I had my own misgivings when I took you on. However, I want you to go with the feeling that I have not appreciated your efforts."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts," Helen replied.

It was a very downcast girl who took the elevator down to the street that Saturday afternoon. Helen did not feel the loss of her position so much—tho that was bad enough—as the realization that she had failed. A bitter little lump rose up in her throat, but she choked it down with a valiant effort.

"I'm going to make good in my next place," she declared grimly.

"That's a [illegible] brought no [illegible] but late in the afternoon Cathoun Phillips came to the office.

"We have no reply as yet," Helen told him in answer to his question. "However, Mr. Roberts is here. Would you like to see him?"

The door to the private office remained open during the interview between the two men, so Helen heard all that went on. Phillips expressed surprise that no reply had come, and asked to see a carbon of the letter sent.

"This is altogether too mildly worded," he exclaimed on reading it. "My dear man, you don't know Walters as I do. It takes a club to get action out of him; he wouldn't respond to anything less." "We couldn't go very strong in our first request," Roberts told him. "The follow-up can go the limit."

"I see," Phillips mused. "Well, you'd better send your follow-up letter today, right away. He's had time enough."

"That would seem to be pushing things a trifle, I should say," rejoined the lawyer.

"But if you wish it I can write [illegible] further [illegible] time."

"I certainly do wish it," growled Phillips. "And make this a hot one. If that doesn't get results [illegible] accordingly dictated a second letter, and this time there was no chance for criticism on the basis of mildness. It was a scorcher. Phillips, who had remained—as if to assure himself that his wishes would be followed—nodded his head in vigorous approval at the crisp sentences which rolled from Roberts's lips.

"That's the stuff!" said he. "That [illegible] like to hear a man talk."

"I certainly don't care for that man," Helen mused, as her pencil rapidly traced out the hooks and curves. She kept up without difficulty, for the lawyer chose [illegible] words. "I'm sorry for poor Mr. Walters, whoever he is."

That letter wound up the day's routine. Shortly after the caller had left, Helen took the typewritten sheet to her employer for his signature.

"You don't admire our friend Phillips," he inquired, reaching for his hat and coat.

"No," the girl retorted. "Do you?"

"I see nothing against him whatever. Of course, he seems a bit aggressive—overforceful, perhaps. But that is quite an essential quality if one is to be successful in business these days."

THE week was uneventful. Roberts was busy at court much of the time, so that there were fewer opportunities for him to break out in temper at the stenographer. Helen began to feel that she was improving constantly, but she knew that improvement had come too late.

No word appeared to either of the letters Thursday morning Phillips called up, and early Friday afternoon he dropped around in person. Roberts was out.

"We have not received a reply, Mr. Phillips," Helen told him.

"I don't understand it," he said. "I am positive that you'd hear before now. Walters is [illegible]."

Helen rapidly sorted the letters, looking one which [illegible] Trenton postmark.

"Not to be it," she said.

"Mr. Roberts was only correct" he exclaimed. "But perhaps you are authorized to open his mail."

"That is one of my duties," the girl said quietly, and she slit the envelope. In it she found a typed letter, and clipped to the letter was a bank cashier's check for $6,000. Phillips caught a glimpse of it, and peered over Helen's shoulder as she glanced over the letter. That check made payable to me or Mr. Roberts?" he demanded almost [illegible]

"To Mr. Roberts' mail, not yours, Mr. Phillips," she said, and moved away from him towards her own desk.

"What does that letter say?" he went on gorily, ignoring her rebuke.

Helen handed the letter thru it. The body of the letter ran as follows:

Enclosed please find cashier's check on the First National for $6,000, in settlement for note payable to Calhoun Phillips, which note you hold. I am very unwilling to do this, but realize that it is legally collectable and that refusal on my part would gain me nothing and only cause further trouble and [illegible]

Phillips is a hard man to bu I have learned to [illegible] sole satisfaction I [illegible] from the matter is to [illegible] check drawn to you, so [illegible] this matter [illegible] amount of yo [illegible] wherwise you would doubtless have trouble in collecting. You [illegible] a chance for which you are to be envied—and I certainly hope you'll soak him twice; once for yourself and once for me.

Please mail the note to me. No other receipt will be necessary.

[illegible] finished. [illegible] attached her narrowly, grimaced.

"Quite an affectionate masterpiece, I [illegible] Walters was al[illegible] drawn to me or Mr. Roberts."

Helen saw no reason for withholding the information, so he would learn soon enough, anyway.

"To Mr. Roberts," she said.

His face clouded [illegible] pointment. The [illegible] he seemed aware [illegible] actually itched for [illegible] little slip of paper

"You any idea how much Roberts will charge for collecting?" he asked shrewdly. "It came easy enough [illegible]

"I don't know anything about it," Helen said icily. "You will have to take that up with Mr. Roberts." Her dislike of the fellow was increasing.

"When can I see him?"

"I am unable to say definitely. Probably not before tomorrow morning."

Phillips protested, obviously put out at the way Helen had treated him. Half an hour later Roberts returned, and she gave him the letter and check, which he examined closely.

"[illegible] is regular! [illegible]

He indorsed the check, as well as several others that had come thru in the day's mail.

"You might deposit these before the bank closes today," he said. Then run a check thru the machine to Phillips for fifty-seven fifty.

Do you mean that you're going to give him your personal check for five thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars on the strength of this check?" [illegible]

"It is a bank check—just as good as a certified check. Better, even. It is exactly as valuable [illegible] What's the matter?"

"I just don't like Mr. Phillips," she returned stoutly.

"That has nothing to do with the case. If a stranger came here and asked me to take his personal check for any such [illegible] inquiries would be proper and [illegible] This is entirely different. You [illegible] very suspicious young woman, Miss Erickson."

AFTER returning from the bank Helen carried out her employer's instructions regarding the note for Walters and the check for Phillips. The latter he stapled and sealed up in an envelope.

"Give this to Mr. Phillips when he comes in," said he. "I won't be back today, and will probably be somewhat late in the morning."

Much to Helen's relief Phillips did not come to the office again that afternoon, and at 5 she locked up and left.

Next morning Helen opened the office at 8:30. At 9 Phillips appeared.

"I've come for my check," he said curtly.

A sudden shivery feeling passed over the girl. But she replied [illegible] steady as she replied:

"Mr. Roberts [illegible] he said he would [illegible] late this morning."

"[illegible] snarled.

"Why—" she faltered. Mr. Roberts [illegible]

"I got Roberts on the phone at his

(Continued on Page 25.)

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Intuition

(Continued From Page 23.)

hous[illegible] evening," he interrupted sho[illegible] me he'd left a check [illegible] me when I came. I want it now. This minute. Understand?" His attitude was threatening—savage. All Helen's suspicions were crystalized into certainty. The man's roving glance fell upon the envelope with his name written across it—where Helen had placed it on her desk.

"That's it, all right!" he grunted. "Fork it over."

A sharp spasm of terror seized the girl. What a fool she had [illegible] the [illegible] plain sight! Like a cornered animal she flashed a look around the room. The door of the safe in the inner office stood open, as she had left it when taking out an important paper that Roberts had wanted copied that morning.

She snatched up the envelope just before Phillips' eager fingers could clutch it, and darter across the room, the man, with a muttered oath, in close pursuit behind her. One of Helen's heels caught in the thick rug that lay on the floor of the private office, and she fell sprawling—directly in front of the safe. It was the work of a second to thrust the envelope inside, slam the door, and whirl the combination.

Half fainting, she hardly realized that Phillips was choking her, a stream of vile language flowing from his mouth. A step sounded in the outer office; then a voice—Roberts' voice.

"What's the meaning of this riot?"

Phillips, white-faced, came to himself.

"Please pardon this unfortunate episode," he began. "I am subject to [illegible] of passion, and at [illegible] entirely [illegible] control of myself [illegible]."

Helen, sobbing hysterically, staggered to her feet and stood swaying. She would have fallen had not Roberts leaped forward in time to catch the girl and ease her into a chair.

"I am myself a man of violent temper," he said, turning to Phillips, "and can readily sympathize with any one similarly afflicted. But that is no excuse for your cowardly attack upon my stenographer."

The sharp tinkle of the telephone interrupted. He picked up the receiver. "Mr. Clarence Roberts talking," said he.

In the sudden quiet of that room the voice at the other end of the wire was partially audible. The word Tradesman's could be heard.

"A forgery!" Roberts exclaimed. "Um—I see. Thank you."

Slowly he replaced the receiver on its hook, turning to face Phillips, who showed his teeth in a wolf-like snarl. An automatic pistol suddenly gleamed in his hand.

"The game's up, I reckon," he grunted [illegible] "It was a good game, [illegible] worked. It would have, [illegible] if your [illegible] stenographer hadn't owned more brains than you. I'll be shifting along now. Shuck out your [illegible]."

Roberts handed his bunch over.

"Yours, too," to Helen, and the girl obeyed. She was no longer hysterical.

"I'll have to lock you folks in," Phillips continued. "Have to rip out that telephone."

For a second his eyes roved from Roberts towards the instrument, and Roberts abruptly lurched forward, his right foot swinging upward in a powerful kick which landed full on Phillips' wrist. The automatic barked, but the [illegible] executed.

[illegible] before the startled crook [illegible] that [illegible] crumpled to the [illegible]

A second later Roberts [illegible] above him, twisting the fellow's [illegible] behind [illegible]

"[illegible]!" he snapped briskly to Helen. "[illegible] curtain cord will do. He'll [illegible] and fighting mad in a minute [illegible] give the police department [illegible]"

A [illegible] afterwards, when the [illegible] Calhoun Phillips had left [illegible] the capable escort of [illegible], Roberts turned to his [illegible]

[illegible] all about it, please," he [illegible]

[illegible] I didn't trust Mr. Phillips at all and I took the liberty of asking the bank to wire Trenton about that check, and phone our office the first thing this morning. I made up my mind not to give him your check until I got the bank's report. Just the same I was [illegible] scared [illegible] what I'd do."

"Good girl," said Roberts. He hesitated an instant, then went on slowly, "One day last week I made [illegible] remarks about women jumping at conclusion. I now wish to apologize to your sex thru you, Miss [illegible]. You have taught me that a woman's intuition is often more to be trusted than what a man fondly terms his own ripe judgment.

"I fear I have not treated you especially well," Roberts resumed. "I have been too severe with your inexperience—too impatient over mere trifles. I wish to apologize for that also.

"Now I want you to stay and work for me—that is, if you are willing to do so. I said I wouldn't need you after this week: I was wrong, Miss Erickson. I shall need you very much. A person as faithful to her employer's interests as you have been and that when she had been as shabbily treated as you were—is priceless in any office. Will you stay with me at a substantial [illegible] salary?"

"Yes, Mr. Roberts," Helen answered, [illegible] "I'll be glad to."

THE END.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

[illegible] of a large plantation in [illegible] fine oranges grow, [illegible] a five acre orchard [illegible] that oranges be planted [illegible] supervision. They want [illegible] to get low freight [illegible] one of these five [illegible]

THREE WINDY BLACKSMITHS

III
DAVE DIXON.

MR. HUGH sent me a note by our R. F. D. saying that the third, and only one that I had not yet seen, of their famous "Windy Blacksmiths," was to make a political speech on Friday night, and suggested that I might enjoy hearing him.

From my pleasure in meeting the other two I felt sure that it would be well worth while to hear this one make a political speech. This would be "local color" laid on in generous strokes. Accordingly I was promptly on hand at the appointed hour.

The court house was crowded to capacity with men, women, and children; while the windows were filled with half-grown boys.

The audience sang: "My Country 'tis of thee!"—then the Chairman, who had been imported from the city for the occasion, introduced the candidates for minor county offices, there assembled.

All these candidates were well known to the audience, but the dignity of the occasion demanded that they show forth their knowledge of polite political procedure, hence the imported Chairman.

There were no written down, formal speeches, however. Each candidate unconsciously evidenced himself, rather than any party platform, or special ability for the office sought.

[illegible] mountain people think more of personality than of party affiliations. Dave Dixon, the youngest and most powerfully built of the three blacksmiths, had been induced to run for the office of justice of the peace.

He was known to have native ability as an orator, tho untutored and untrained, so, keeping the best for the last, his speech closed the meeting. The chairman's introduction was rhetorically perfect, but he didn't know Bill or the audience, tho they knew each other quite well. Bill made a movement intended for a bow, cleared his throat and said:

"A [illegible] ver chairman introduce me [illegible] reminds me of [illegible] out in the cow country a workin' [illegible] cow punchin' outfit.

"A stranger to us cow herders ro[illegible] an' struck up a conversation with us [illegible] he went on ter relate some wonderful things that had happened to him. I was greatly interested in his ad-ventures, an' I 'lowed that the boss would e[illegible] in' up with a feller like that. [illegible] would be a feather in my cap ter interduce him. So that evenin' when [illegible] comes time ter go ter the ch[illegible] I walks up in my pride an' interd[illegible] newcomer ter the boss. I took notice that [illegible] a dry sort of grin, [illegible] the boss [illegible] 'Wal, Jake, what yer been a-doin' with yerself? The last time we met up together we helped ter hang a man.' This larned me that hit is apt ter turn out that the laugh is on you when yer introduce [illegible] timers that a way. But a layin' all [illegible] aside, an' gettin' down ter what I h[illegible] ter say ter yer, I never craved to git into the election mess, noways, but some of my friends 'lowed hit were my duty ter my country ter do so. Waal, that got [illegible], an' hit has allus got the Dixon boys from as fer back as I kin recolect a hearin' about. My grandad left his plow in the furrow ter go an' fight in the Mexican War. My dad shut up his little tailor shop an' went ter fight for the Union. They wouldn't take me ter France on account of my wife an' little children; but two of my younger brothers went, an' one of them didn't come back, 'thout he come as 'The Unknown Hero.'

"I've allus lived in this county, an' worked fer this county. My first work was done on the county roads. In them days we used ter [illegible] with double b[illegible] an' [illegible] by [illegible] every [illegible] then [illegible] an' swap lies on the way back; and, my friends, yer see I'm still a runnin'.

"You wimmen folks ain't had the rights of even a nigger till right lately, but now that yer kin vote I hope you'll all feel like my wife does, fer she says that she's a goin' ter vote fer me.

"If my friends all vote for me I'll be elected, whatever comes of our Senators and Congressmen; but if you don't vote fer me I'll go down whatever comes ter the others.

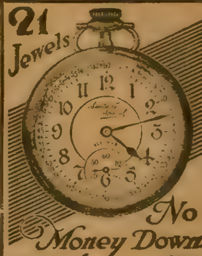
"Naturally a feller that's in a [illegible] would like ter win out, but I won't starve if I'm downed in the race. As yer know, I got several ways of makin' a livin'. I got my blacksmith shop, and me an' the other two blacksmiths here kin keep pretty busy. I reckon we ginnerally split three ways on the jobs. Then I got me a little farm out in the sticks, not yet sold fer taxes, an' I buy an' sell coon hides. So if I don't git elected, I'll take my good lookin' wife an' my four little boys an' go back home an' sit down by the fire an' listen ter the crickets sing.

"As fer qualifications—as fer qualifications—I kin draw the salary or collect the fees as good as ary Democrat in the county; consequently, ladies an' gentlemen, I'll shore appreciate yer vote [illegible] next Tuesday. I aim ter thank yer right now, in advance, to show forth the confidence [illegible]"

After [illegible] Mr. Hugh introduced me to Dave Dixon, and later to his w[illegible] and I said to Mrs. Dixon: "You [illegible] have a smart husband, Mrs. [illegible]" [illegible] replied with pride shining in [illegible] "I think so."

[illegible] honest in my compliment, if compliment it might be called, for I felt, as did the audience, the sense of humor of [illegible] poise, and his pride in [illegible] and boys. I could but wonder what heights this "windy blacksmith" might have reached, had he been given the advantages of a college education. I doubt if he would have been any happier, tho.

THE END.



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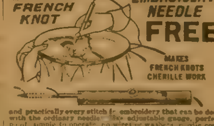

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Mrs. [illegible]

HAHIRA, GA.

I am writing a few words of praise for the benefit of other poor suffering women. I started taking your treatment last February. I could not cook or do my housework. My mother came and found me [illegible] death that she was alarmed. So she brought the first treatment, and hear me friend it's the best thing for women that has ever been discovered. My neighbors hardly know me I [illegible] so much. I can do all of my housework, cooking, and walk to my neighbors. I can't finds words to praise the Summers' Medicine.

MRS. M. D. McLANE.

THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO., Women's Dept. 99, SOUTH BEND, IND.
(Mrs. Summers' Remedies Are Sold At Leading Drug Stores.)

Final Installment of

The Hunch

By Julian Kilman

PART II.

BACK in the little gift shop Hazard found Miss Hildebrandt awaiting him.

"No luck," he complained.

"Whatever did you follow her for?"

Hazard laughed disconsolately.

"I can't say. She acted funny, I guess."

Noting his continued discomfiture, Martha began to laugh.

"I can't help it," she apologized. "You frightened her to death and all she did was possibly to pilfer some knick-knack from me."

Miss Finucane did go to the police as Hazard learned the next day when a plain-clothesman lounged into the office and asked for Mr. Edgecomb. In the absence of that individual Hazard interviewed him.

"Has she any suspicion?" he demanded.

The officer flung a hand.

"Suspicions! My lord, she talked blue circles around the Chief. You'd a thought Edgecomb himself pulled the job."

"What did she say was stolen?"

"That's just the point. She couldn't prove a thing. Say! Look-a here! Edgecomb's the executor. Have him call her off—we haven't got time to waste on it."

Hazard smiled at the broad back of the officer as he departed.

"A real Alibi Ike, what?" he grinned.

The succeeding weeks served to establish the freedom of the Hildebrandt Estate from indebtedness, as only a few minor claims were presented. These Hazard promptly liquidated. But it was also established that the value of the estate was not so great. Some time before he had learned to refrain from [illegible]ing in Jared Edgecomb's presence [illegible]. The old lawyer, busy with other and more pressing litigation, had turned over the disposition of the estate to the young man, curtly instructing him to follow the [illegible]ons of the will and to stop his [illegible].

Tho Hazard was silent in regard to what Jared Edgecomb called his "obsession," he had plenty of opportunity to be vocal in the gift shop, and if he needed any inspiration—which [illegible] not—the pretty eyes of Martha Hildebrandt added an admirable fillip to his enthusiasm. There was considerable holding forth by a certain young l[illegible] about the "barnacles of old age [illegible] to accomplish before he was thru.

True to his promise, then, Arnold Hazard, at the end of three months, having paid the five hundred dollar bequests to Miss Finucane and the butler and closed the big house, tackled the testy old Edgecomb and gained his assent to the trip he planned to Bradbury for the purpose of personally delivering the twenty-five thousand dollars to the Millvale Mission in that city.

The night's ride brought Hazard, alert and eager, to his destination, and with characteristic promptitude hunted out the Millvale Mission. This he found in the poor section of the city not far from the depot. Hazard, on the opposite side of the street, observed the quarters occupied by the chief beneficiary under the Hildebrandt will. The building was old and had an air of dilapidation. He could make out that the room was a long [illegible] with a counter at one side, where [illegible]sibly lunches were served. [illegible] several tables strewn with [illegible] and magazines. Several old men and laborers of the foreign type lounged about, but Hazard could not see any one who appeared to be in charge.

His next move was to visit one of the leading banks. This was the Third National. Hazard asked for the president. An elderly man with the big shoulders and weather-beaten complexion indicating an early life in the open, stared at him over the top of a newspaper.

"My name is Hazard," announced the young lawyer. "I am interested in the Millvale Mission."

[illegible] as he laid it down.

"Well, sir," he began. "We give our money to the Chest Fund and there ain't any use——"

Hazard interrupted with a laugh.

"I'm not here to beg," he said. "I merely want to know how this particular charity stands in your community."

The banker's eyes sharpened.

"Just what is your interest in the Millvale Mission?"

Hazard had been studying his man, particularly his hands. These, true to the body, were big-knuckled and boney, with spatulate finger tips. Hazard decided on the instant to keep his own counsel.

"I'm not at present in position to answer that," he replied.

"Humph! Well, I'll call one of the tellers. I don't know much about 'em myself." He pressed a button and the teller appeared. "Hey, Bronson! What do we know about the Millvale Mission over by the depot?"

"That Mission has been operating for several years," replied the teller, with the respect due to a great man in his manner. "I guess they're doing some good work."

"Were they among the fourteen charities that shared in the last drive?"

The teller ran the names over in his mind. He had been one of the group leaders and took great pride in the work of his "team."

"No!" he said, finally. "I remember [illegible]. That Mission preferred to stay [illegible]."

"I don't find it incorporated under the State laws," put in Hazard. "Do you know who is at the head of it?"

The teller consulted a city directory.

"Mrs. M. R. Landon," he read. "They have her down here as 'chairman'."

Armed with this information, Hazard, thinking much about the large sum of money in his pocket destined for an institution that seemed after all to be more or less unrelated to the influence of the local poohbahs, proceeded to the Chamber of Commerce. Here he encountered a smart girl secretary who told him that Mrs. Landon had taken over the affairs of the Mission about a year before and was running it on money picked up on tag days and by house to house canvassing. He interviewed two [illegible] people and then sent a telegram to his employer. It read:

> Arrived safely. Things look regular, but am not satisfied. Will stay overnight.

As he sat at dinner in the hotel a porter brought the return message.

> Stop playing de[illegible]. Pay that money to right institution, get receipt and come back. I need you.

To this Hazard replied at once:

> Want more time and will take it. Fire me if you must.

When this telegram had been dispatched, Hazard went for a walk. He visited another bank and gained nothing to substantiate his hunch. In fact, the last man he talked to had contributed to the particular mission and was [illegible] interested in the work it was [illegible].

A BAD hour for Hazard followed this last interview, during which he [illegible] thrust into his pockets and thought of Martha Hildebrandt and the money that he felt was, in some round-about, inconceivable method being jockeyed away from her. Half a day in town playing a hunch that something more [illegible]ious was wrong with the will than [illegible] undue influence which he re[illegible] it was impossible to prove—a hunch that so far had no more substantial basis than intuition and suspicions which had been stimulated by the somewhat enigmatic behavior of Miss Finucane and the butler in their treatment of himself and Martha!

Arriving finally at the Mission itself Hazard entered. A number of down-and-outers, old fellows, pored over dog-eared newspapers: the air, superheated by a pipeless gas stove, was fetid with the smell of the unwashed. No one paid any heed to the young lawyer until a small boy, idling with some dominoes at a table, approached.

"Where is the matron?" asked Hazard.

A peculiar gurgling sound came from the boy's throat. He began to use his fingers swiftly. Hazard witnessed this curiously.

"Deaf and dumb!" he muttered.

A woman came in by the back door. She carried more newspapers.

"Did you wish to see me?" she asked of Hazard.

Hazard's nerves suddenly tingled as he regarded the elderly gray-haired woman. There was something familiar about her.

"Yes, if you are Mrs. Landon," he said.

The woman laid the armful of papers down.

[illegible]

"Well, I'm Mr. Hazard. I represent the executor of the Hildebrandt estate and have come to pay the bequest to [illegible]."

An expression of delight came to the [illegible].

"Oh! That is wonderful, Mr. Hazard. I received your letter and have been expecting you." She went to a desk and [illegible]ed on a light. "We'll sit here. I suppose there are papers to sign: lawyers always ask that."

Hazard took out the draft from his pocket.

"Yes. Twenty-five thousand dollars, Mrs. Landon. It's a fine sum."

The eyes of the woman glistened as she took the slip of paper.

"Ah! That was splendid of Mrs. Hildebrandt. You see, I knew her in my youth."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever visited in our city, Mrs. Landon?"

"Not in many years. It must be twenty."

Hazard saw the draft disappear into the pocketbook of the woman. He presented a prepared form of receipt from the estate. Mrs. Landon took a pen and signed. Then, standing up, she delivered it and shook hands cordially.

"Wonderful things can be done with this money, Mr. Hazard," she said. "We are making great plans for the work here."

"I don't doubt it," replied Hazard.

"I do wish you'd come with me on my rounds. When are you leaving town?"

"Unfortunately, Mrs. Landon, I go tonight." He moved toward the door. "By the way," he added, "are you acquainted with Miss Finucane?"

She pondered the name.

"Miss Finucane? No, I can't say that I remember her. Who is she?"

"She was Mrs. Hildebrandt's companion."

"No. I never met her. But I knew Mrs. Hildebrandt well enough to surmise some of the difficulties her paid companion must have experienced."

Once outside Hazard sauntered slowly until he reached the first corner. He turned it and glancing back was just in time to see the deaf-and-dumb boy hasten out of the mission and start his way. Hazard resumed his casual pace. It was then about 4 o'clock and the thorofare was plentifully filled with

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

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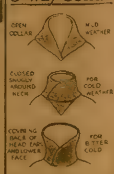
3-Way Collar



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W. D. BOYCE CO., BOYS' SWEATER DEPT., 500 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

people. A little farther on he crossed the street and from the corner of his eye beheld the mute watching him. To make certain that he was in truth being followed, Hazard doubled on his course without effort to elude pursuit and entered a department store. When he came out the boy was loitering by a window. From the store Hazard went direct to his hotel and occupied one of the deep-sea chairs in the rotunda. He saw the boy slide by. For perhaps half an hour he remained quietly. Then he was startled to hear his name.

"Calling Mr. Hazard! Calling Mr. Hazard!"

He was being paged. Hazard beckoned to the negro and accepted the telegram. It ran:

Tried to get you on telephone. Your employment ceases at once unless you pay that money and quit nonsense. Return immediately.

Furious at the insistence of the old lawyer, Hazard grabbed a blank telegram and wrote:

I bank on the success of my coup. But must have time. If you don't trust me, then go to the devil!

Rereading the telegram, he thought better of it, and, crossing out the last sentence, added: "You'll apologize to me and boost my salary in a week."

CONSULTATION of the time-table surprised the young lawyer that a train for home left at 7 o'clock, according to his plan, he started to walk, bag in hand, the short distance to the depot. The boy was nowhere to be seen. There were, however, about the depot several elderly men, one of whom at least was of the type that frequented the Mission. Certain that he had been followed, Hazard maneuvered a bit but without being able to pick out his man. When the train arrived he grabbed his bag and got aboard. He traveled some three miles when the train stopped at a station in the outskirts of the city. Here Hazard left his coach. He waited at the deserted station about ten minutes when the taxicab he had arranged for picked him up and returned him to the city. At an obscure hotel where he registered that night he left his bag in his room. An hour later he was again in the vicinity of the Mission. A light showed in the place. He passed along the opposite side of the street, but the curtains had been drawn halfway up from the bottom and he could not see in. Hazard studied the street once more. The building that housed the Mission was brick, and, judging from the narrow balcony overhead, there were living quarters above. Next door to the right was a soft-drink dump, and on the other hand was a barber shop. On this side of the street were cheap rooming-houses with signs "Room for 50 cents," and so forth; all in all, a especially poor neighborhood and a good location for a mission—of the right kind, reflected Hazard.

Passing farther along he crossed and walked slowly by the mission, had just gotten past the barber shop when the half light of the street he discerned a tall, well-dressed man approaching. Something impelled Hazard to edge to the curb. He followed the man with his eyes and saw her enter the mission briskly. Two bounds took him to the front window and on this he peered in. The newcomer was Miss Flinders.

That night Hazard slept better than he had in a week and this despite his existment as link after link was be[illegible]

[illegible] the man he had seen admitted to the [illegible] street was at this moment he [illegible] Jared Edgecomb were leaving with [illegible] will. That afternoon Martha [illegible]

Enjoy Eating Without Dyspepsia

Eat What You Like, Avoid or Stop Sour Risings, Gassiness and Such Distress—Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Make Your Stomach Comfortable.

[illegible] battle with all sorts of [illegible] complexities, many [illegible] going without food. Its wants [illegible] Glorious but merely brings it on. [illegible] his regular meals and help [illegible] by using Stuart's Dyspepsia [illegible] will work. Before [illegible] all feel good all the [illegible] bothered with indigestion give the stomach [illegible] make it sweet, stop [illegible] business, digest meals [illegible] nourishment [illegible]

[illegible] Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any druggist and fortify yourself in the battles of the business world.

At That Instant, a Man Started on the Run Out of the Car, One of the Officers Grabbed Him, and the Two Began Fighting.

ported the result of her talk with the doctor. Hazard listened delightedly.

"They're a lot of rascals," he said. "But Martha—" The name slipped out and three hundred miles away as he was [illegible] that laugh.

[illegible] Bide now. I'll be [illegible] it the outside [illegible]

"Trouble.

"Good-by Arnold.

"Good-by, Martha."

Hazard jambed the receiver [illegible] would-be highland [illegible] ways—the telephone was [illegible] he rented a front room [illegible] and with a pair [illegible] Miss [illegible] Bide now. He saw Miss [illegible] only much at [illegible] the cane and [illegible] ar door he assumed [illegible] might in the flat of [illegible]

A [illegible] ock following morning [illegible] ndon joined her. Both women were dressed for travel. Presently another woman entered from the street. Considerable conversation followed between the three. Evidently the newcomer was to be left in charge.

Then a taxicab pulled up and Hazard [illegible] two women leave [illegible] downstairs with his own hand [illegible] was out of sight Hazard [illegible] in he had covered three [illegible] topped a youth with a small automo[illegible] and offered him five dollars to be carried to the depot. He reached the depot in time to see the women [illegible] on Hazard's [illegible] ous, board a train after them with the knowledge that their tickets were for New York, and with the comfort that their destination was taking him homeward. In fact, the very Pullman they occupied would be made up in his home town for the night trip to New York.

In the day coach, leaving to the women the comfort of their Pullman, rode and planned. At the first stop he [illegible] This done he sat [illegible] ventured along the string of cars until he came to the Pullman. He wanted to verify the fact that the women were still aboard. Ahead of him in the narrow passageway of the deluxe car he caught sight of the bulking shoulders of a negro who had just left the smoker. It was the butler. With pounding heart Hazard dodged back into the day coach. This was better than he had hoped for.

[illegible] a fell the train clicked into yards that were familiar to Hazard. [illegible] s home.

The passengers began putting on wraps and lining the aisle as the train ground to a stop. Hazard leapt off and ran down the long platform where two men in uniform stood. He talked swiftly to them and all three moved over by the gilmart. They waited until the local passenger [illegible] and then went aboard. The young lawyer trailing the

[illegible] women who had not seen [illegible] p in surprise as the blue-[illegible] boomed over them [illegible] bluntly de-[illegible] oman [illegible] You and [illegible] But her

[illegible] he quietly Miss [illegible] d Hazard, m[illegible]

[illegible] l nuc[illegible] "What does [illegible]

[illegible] you are charged with [illegible] connection with the [illegible] ndi wil[illegible]

At the instant a man started on the run out of the car, one of the officers [illegible] bbed him and the two began fighting

Spectacles FREE! On Trial

Send No Money

I Will Not Accept a Single Penny Until You Are Satisfied

[illegible] at I need [illegible] durable [illegible] and you a pair at [illegible] narrow [illegible] I do read the smallest [illegible] no far or near, [illegible] ing eye strain [illegible] no more [illegible] no ache [illegible]

Don't Send a Penny! I Trust YOU [illegible] genuine glasses at [illegible] such [illegible] I am [illegible] spread satisfaction that I [illegible] on trial [illegible] on FREE TRIAL [illegible] you can see [illegible] large. I offer. When they arrive, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The three prisoners were then led from the coach and guided thru the throng of curious spectators to the police automobile.

NOT until the big car had left did Hazard remember his next move. This was to telephone the office and catch Jared Edgecomb before he left for the night. Glancing at his watch Hazard saw that it was nearing 7 p. m. and he started toward the booth. But some one stepped him. Turning he found himself facing Martha Hildebrandt. Her eyes [illegible]

"Oh, it was splendid," she cried. "I received your telegram and saw the whole affair."

Hazard still under mental stress took her hand and shook it vigorously.

"Wait a bit while I telephone," he said. "Then we'll put the finishing touches on Jared Edgecomb."

The hallway of the big office building was deserted when the young people left the elevator. Outside the door of the law office Hazard paused. He placed his hand on that of the girl with him.

"Martha," he whispered tenderly. "I love you, Martha."

Her lip quivered and suddenly she was in his arms.

Scrubwomen were coming up from the floor below. Hazard kissed her hurriedly and opened the door, drawing her with him. The large outer office was still; but some one was moving about Mr. Edgecomb's room.

"Stay here a bit, Martha," whispered Hazard.

Hurrying to the private room, Hazard [illegible]

"Is that you, Arnold?"

The young man went in. Jared Edgecomb was pacing to and fro, with his hands thrust under his coat tails. He paused to glare at his managing clerk.

"Well, sir!" he blustered. "You sent me some mighty impudent telegrams from Bradbury. Now tell me what it all means."

Complete proof that fraud was practiced on us when the Hildebrandt will was executed," shot out Hazard.

Jared Edgecomb took a quick step [illegible]

Wha—what's that, Arnold?" he sputtered. "That will is no good [illegible] "It isn't worth the paper it's written on."

"But we saw it made with our own [illegible]

Hazard, enjoying his moment of triumph, lighted a cigarette.

"We saw a woman sign a will, yes, Mr. Edgecomb, but it just happens that that woman was not Mrs. Hildebrandt."

"Then who in thunderation was she?"

"An imposter. To be exact [illegible] Mrs. Landon who is the so [illegible] Fenanne's mother. And we [illegible] the topic, I'll elucidate further. [illegible] quest to the Militale Mission [illegible] quest all right, but the people operating the mission were the ones who put over the fake will. I had them arrested half an hour ago at the depot [illegible] making their get-away with [illegible] bound for New York. But the [illegible] at No. 1 station and the police [illegible] money."

Old Jared Edgecomb [illegible] on the table. His mouth opened and shut several times without making any sound. At last he managed to say:

"How can you prove all this?"

Hazard called to Martha.

Miss Hildebrandt came in.

"Here is the young lad who [illegible] in my ideas when you [illegible] Hazard, who took one of Martha [illegible] "Observe that hand, Mr. Edgecomb [illegible] a deuced pretty hand. Hands are something that always attract [illegible] attention and—"

"Will—you—please—come to—the—point," snapped Jared Edgecomb.

Hazard grinned at Martha.

"When Mrs. Landon signed the receipt for the twenty-five thousand dollar draft I noticed her particularly, and I knew both from the look of her [illegible] way she held her pen that [illegible] name had which I had o[illegible] the will in the sick room [illegible] around Bradbury un[illegible] transpired——"

"Yes, by Godfrey," interjected Jared Edgecomb. "But how can you prove [illegible]

Hazard turned to Martha

"You tell him," he said.

Mr. Hazard telephoned me from [illegible] bury." Martha continued the recit[illegible] structing me to see Mrs. Landon and ask him specifically which room it was he was conducted to that evening he [illegible] you and Mr. Hazard in the house.

The old lawyer began to see the light.

"Miss Hildebrandt," he said solemnly, "did Dr. Forbush say he went to the first room on the right of the hall?"

"No, Mr Edgecomb. Dr. Forbush went to a room at the end of the hall."

"And there saw Mrs. Hildebrandt?"

"And there saw my mother. She was very ill, had not been out of that room in a month, and died two days later."

Hazard watched Jared Edgecomb resume his pacing and he had some sympathy for the old man as he knew perfectly well that his employer was hurt, injured in his amour propre; that no doubt the active brain of Jared Edgecomb was even then revi[illegible] extraordinary scene at the exe[illegible] will and marveling at the [illegible] artistry of the woman who [illegible] called him a rascal.

Finally the old lawyer faced them, his face lined with care.

"Arnold," he said slowly, "this is a clever thing you have done. It means that you have saved the entire estate for Miss Hildebrandt, and that your telegrams were justified, and that I've been blind as a bat. From the first of next month you will become a full partner in the law business of this firm." He extended his hand. "Let me congratulate you."

Hazard wrung his employer's hand and the eyes of both were misty for the moment.

"There's something else, Mr. Edgecomb," the young lawyer ventured presently, "on which you must congratulate me also."

Jared Edgecomb held up a hand.

"I was slow or too busy with other matters or something so far as that will was concerned, my lad, but I'm not so busy or other things, Martha, come here."

The girl moved over by him. For an instant Jared Edgecomb regarded her, something paternal in his expression. He patted her shoulder.

"Arnold's a good boy," he said. "Both love him, don't we, Martha. Now go over there and tell him what's in your heart. I'm an old man and I've got to go home for the night."

THE END.

Something to Make Thinkers Think

Growing Words.

139—1. A letter. 2. Yes. 3. A fish. 4. A measure. 5. A journal. 6. Barrenly. 7. Swiftly. 8. A worker in precious stones. 9. Shaped like certain venerable stone structures.

Hidden Parts of a House.

140—In each of the following sentences something relating to a house is hidden. The letters spelling the names are consecutive.

1. Your friend Flo or Floss, as some call her, is charming.
2. If you allow all such expenses you will be bankrupt.
3. I'm hungry. Do order a good dinner.
4. She ought to win dowry rights in that suit.
5. Alice. I lingered as long as I could.
6. He is as hard to please as ever.
7. That hero officer will never be forgotten.
8. Mac, Ella, Rob and Jack were in the motor party.

Four-word Square.

141—1. I rush across the prairies.
2. I am seen in the mind's eye
3. I am near-at.
4. I am important to a letter.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

136—Additions.

1. Tartan. 2. Hatred. 3. Endear. 4. Offend. 5. Dotage. 6. Outfit. 7. Rattan. 8. Earwig. 9. Tweet. 10. Out-cry. 11. Office. 12. Sonnet. 13. Errand. 14. Visage. 15. Errant. 16. Legend. 17. Tippet.

Theodore Roosevelt.

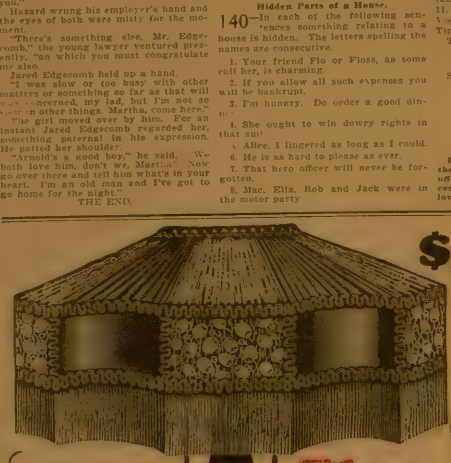
137—Riddle-me-ree.

Sailor.

138—Four-word Square.

S L I T
L Y R E
I R I S
T E S T

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. The ones offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.



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Cured

By Ralph Stanley

SANDY CREEK winds its way thru a brown, semi-desert country. From high hills its winding, tree-fringed course looks like a necklace of emeralds dropped carelessly on a piece of cheap, harsh cloth. Eastern visitors frequent mountain cloudbursts cause Sandy Creek to brawl and broil quarrelsomely, it is lazily indifferent to the affairs of mankind and is entirely harmless and innocent little stream.

Jack Fleming came to the Sandy Creek country and the Scruboak Basin fresh from an Eastern university. With Jack came fourteen thousand dollars which had been left to him by his father. Jack was as fine a specimen of young American manhood as ever carried more cash than experience, and when I'm thru with this yarn I want to find out just how innocent and guileless you think Jack was.

Sim Irwin owned the Scruboak Basin ranch, which was about as tricky and unreliable a piece of property as its owner was a tricky and unreliable piece of humanity. Sim was a gambler by profession, and he had won the seven thousand acres from a sheep man who was an easy mark square as to head been foolish for gambling with Sim Irwin in Sim's own saloon and with Sim ordering the drinks and dealing the cards.

Jack Fleming and his fourteen thousand dollars arrived early in a season of such heavy rainfall that the dryest of the dry-country men in favor of Scrubeak Basin had taken on the appearance of trout streams. The Basin is one of those mountain valleys which lie close to the desert they don't know whether they belong in the rainy belt or the dry. One year the Basin will grow such an abundant feed, the next year it is so parched that a hundred acres of it wouldn't keep the ribs of a steer covered.

When Jack Fleming arrived Sandy Creek was going big and booming it couldn't be forded with an automobile, which was responsible for Jack's stay at the Scrubeak Basin ranch with Sim Irwin. A car was stalled there in his car, and it didn't take a man of Sim's cunning long to discover that it might pay him to put himself out to be a hospitable host.

I will always hold it against Sandy Creek for aiding and abetting Sim Irwin in slipping that dead-wood on Jack Fleming. Had not Sandy Creek been impassable Jack would have driven on to Nickerson, which is on the line of the road across the ford. And at Nickerson he would have met up with me, for I was there at the hotel and Mrs. Larson's wife cooks the kind of grub that both nourishes and pleases mining men with educated tastes and pick-and-shovel appetites. I would have warned Jack that only the year before Sim Irwin had lost two hundred and fifty Hereford-as thru starvation on the same range that freak rains had now deceptively clothed with feed. I would have told Jack he was in a tricky country and in the hands of his trickiest citizen.

But when Jack Fleming met me at Nickerson he had already bought the ranch, paying twelve thousand dollars for land that Sim had taken from the sheep man for fifteen hundred dollars' worth of poker chips and I. O. Us.

Sim told me that he had grown so rich from selling beef off that range that he was ready to retire and give another man a chance. He did retire, immediately, on a horse. Jack's twelve thousand dollars retired with Sim.

When I told Jack the appalling truth about the ranch and its tricky, unreliable rainfall, he stood up—we had been sitting on the hotel porch—and kicked himself once, good and hard. Then he grinned and said:

"I guess it's up to me to prove whether or not a bora sucker has been cured."

That was all; no self-pity, no baby stuff about asking for misrepresentation and fraud. Jack Fleming swallowed his bitter pill like a man. He had been a sucker, but it was plain from the glitter in the gray eyes above his game grin that he wasn't going, to stay a sucker.

"Do you think that fellow Irwin will ever drift back to this country?" Jack asked one day. It was later in the season then, and the range on the Scrubeak Basin ranch had burned into a mixture of dull browns and dead yellows. Nobody had as yet showed up to bid me up against with his twelve thousand dollar investment.

"He's sure to come back," I said. "Sim Irwin won't stay away too long from his mines and claims and his saloon business at Nickerson."

"Good," Jack exclaimed. "That will save me a trip to see him again."

I didn't ask him to expand on that. Sim Irwin was considered a bad man to treat roughly. He had a quick way with him about drawing his gun on a dispute. But Jack laughed when I warned him.

SIM IRWIN came back, and it wasn't many days before he and Jack met again. I had been on the lookout, not being at all sure how Jack would have.

Sim was walking toward the hotel from his saloon when Jack came driving up the road from the Scrubeak Basin. I could tell that Sim recognized the approaching rancher, but he checked his gun around a little closer to the front and slowed down his gait.

I sauntered out from the hotel to meet Jack, aiming to be with him before he and Sim got together. At least I would insist on Jack's play, and not allow a tricky gunman to slip anything over on the inexperience of the fellow he had already victimized so easily in a subtler branch of the bad man profession. Sim spoke first.

"Howdy, Brother Fleming. How's everything up at the old rancho?"

Jack looked at Sim, appraising him carefully, as I could tell, perhaps for neglect in properly slaying him up the first time they met. Then Jack grinned.

"Oh, everything is fine on the ranch," he says. "The only thing that bothers me is that title."

"Title?" Sim was honestly surprised. "Why, that title is safe as anything drawn up by lawyers can be."

"Maybe it is," says Jack; "but you'll recall that there was a small cloud created because some Hereford-ra thru heirs to the grant failed to sign the deed when the rest of them did, back in 1820. I wish we had that cloud cleared up, for the deal was finally closed. It worries me."

Sim Irwin laughed. "It struck Sim as being mighty funny that a man should worry about an obscure cloud on a title to such a worthless piece of land. Sim gave me a wink.

"Oh," says he, "I wouldn't worry about any Spanish heirs bobbing up to cause trouble. You can rest easy on that point. And I'm glad—" his expression almost sadly—"that you're going to be pleased with your transaction. Plenty of feed up there?"

"Plenty," says Jack, much to my astonishment. He spoke in an absent manner, as the feed was the least important item on a cattle range west on Dallas as the taking up the real business at hand.

"I've written east to my lawyers to see if then can quiet that old title cloud thru a lawsuit."

You could have knocked Sim over with a feather. He had anticipated harsh words and possibly physical violence over his cheat. To discover that his victim was worried over the title to the Scrubeak Basin ranch was more startling to Sim than gunplay would have been.

Jack smiled as he said he hoped Sim had enjoyed a pleasant trip and that they would see more of each other now that he was back home again. Then Jack sauntered up to the hotel with me, leaving Sim flabbergasted. When I questioned Jack he replied heartily.

"If I told you everything I know, old boy," says he, "you would know as much as I do, and that is not more than Sim Irwin knows. And that might work a hardship of conscience on you."

"I was a sucker, of course," says he; "but did it ever occur to you that there are times when it pays to be one? You're a mining man yourself; now tell me, aren't the mineral rights as good on a tract of chesp land that raises bum hay and grass as they are on land with plenty of feed?"

I jumped up and hugged him. I was so tickled. The young son of a gun! He didn't seem necessary to ask Jack if the college he had graduated from had been a mining school. He had said just enough to convince me of that. Jack Fleming a sucker? Yes, when his expert eye spotted something to which he wanted to acquire it.

But Jack wouldn't admit anything. He just laughed and told me to keep on guessing until he was in shape to make me a partnership proposition he had been figuring on. Not in a restless cow pasture, he assured me, but in something more alluring than that. When he left me he said that if it would please me and I could drop a hint to Sim Irwin so he wouldn't grow too vain over having made a sucker out of another man.

"Don't tell the easy mark too much, tho," Jack warned as he drove off.

"Trust me," I shouted. Then I blushed for my own over-enthusiasm. How could I tell Sim Irwin "too much" when I didn't know anything definite about it to tell? Jack was sure wise without knowing it didn't need to be a good cattle range to be worth a few million or more.

My imagination soared as Sim's obvious distress increased.

"Has it developed, you Sim," I jeered, "why young Fleming is so anxious about clearing up that old title? Wrike up, Sim, before you die. Better stop bragging about having made a sucker of Fleming, or you'll never be able to fool the born citizen of the west in shipping gold bars in quantity from the ranch you thought you tricked Fleming with. Maybe Fleming would name you the pasturage you sold him. Pasturage doesn't seem to interest that young fellow at all."

Sim tried to laugh at me, but it was a rather sick laugh. And the next day he went to see Jack Scrubeak to call on Jack Fleming. He came back again fighting mad. He said he had been met at the ranch house by a couple of men with sawed-off shotguns, who told him they were employes of Fleming. They told Sim he was off somewhere in the hills on business and that he had given them instructions to refrain from disturbing the cowboy at his lawful business. Their orders, they said, were to permit nobody to leave the main road thru the ranch.

SIM went over to the Scrubeak Basin ranch to see Jack that. I went with him once, and fared no better than he. Those guardians with the scattergun couldn't be induced or intimidated into talking. All they would tell us was that Mr. Fleming was so busy in the hills that he seldom or never had been got down to the house even for his meals. They refused to explain the purpose of a new road being built back from the house. It had deep ruts in it, as tho it had been used for unusually heavy hauling. Sim wrote a letter to Jack that trail to its end, but the two guards barred his way with their weapons. They warned Sim that they had instructions to shoot if necessary. I cooled Sim down by warning him that the law was on the side of the guards, who had a perfect right to keep out trespassers if their employer had so instructed them. Sim Irwin grew as sore as a rattlesnake man, so morbid and resentful was he over the way he had been "tricked," as he put it, into selling valuable mineral rights when he thought he was getting

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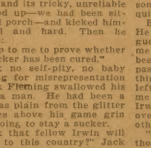

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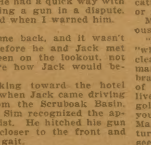

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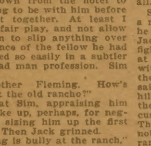

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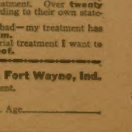
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out from under a poor cattle range. One day he was riding back to town from the ranch when he picked up a piece of ore that must have been dropped by Jack or one of his men. That quartz assayed so high that Sim went entirely crazy from greed and mortification.

That very afternoon Jack Fleming drove into Nickerson on the first visit he had made since his encounter there with Sim when he had worried about the title to his ranch. We met as we had on that occasion, Sim and Jack and I.

"Got that old title cleared up by the best land lawyer in the State," says Jack with hearty cordiality, as tho he felt sure Sim would be in full, glad sympathy with him.

Sim said never a word.

Jack inquired about his health. Then Sim opened up with the most profane denunciation of a human being I have ever listened to. He accused Fleming of having tricked him out of a mining property worth perhaps millions of dollars. He accused Jack of having sneaked into those mountains with criminal intent to defraud him, Sim, out of his property thru posing as a tenderfoot hunting for a range.

Jack Fleming took it with a quiet smile.

"Did I understand you to say I 'swindled' you, Mr. Irwin?" he inquired. "Let's see, now; what was it you told me about the feed on that ranch when you urged me to buy it?"

But Sim Irwin was beyond reasoning with. He was a bad man gone mad. He drew his gun so quickly both Jack and I were his to command.

"You'll sell me that ranch back right here and now," he roared, "or the next deal you make will be in h—l!"

Jack Fleming's quiet smile never flickered.

"A deal made by me in h—l, Mr. Irwin," he argued, "can not convey back the title of the ranch to you. It would go to my heirs, you know, and they are fully apprised as to its real value."

The sense of that permeated Sim's white-hot rage and got to the greedy cells of his brain. He lowered his gun.

"I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars for the property, more than twice what you paid for it," he offered.

Jack Fleming laughed heartily, as tho the offer were too ridiculous for comment. Then his face hardened and he made a counter proposition.

"If you'll fight me first, right here and now," says he, "I'll deal with you, Irwin. It must be a fight without weapons, man to man, to decide which of us has been a low-down crook in this deal. Just to show you I've got a fair streak in me I'll go your offer one better. If you lick me I'll sell you the ranch for the price I paid you for it when you misrepresented it to me as a cattle range. Twelve thousand dollars will be the consideration if you lick me. But if I lick you your proposition goes, you pay me twenty-five thousand dollars, twelve thousand for the ranch and thirteen thousand for teaching you what a lying, cheating, crawling snake you are."

Sim Irwin handed me his gun and took off his coat.

"You can make out two checks," says Jack, climbing out of his car, "and hand them to Mr. Stevens here," indicating me. "I'll sign a deed to the ranch and Mr. Stevens can hold it along with your two checks. When we have settled the other little matter Mr. Stevens can give you the deed and me the big check or the smaller one, as events shall determine."

The preliminary matters were concluded without delay. Then the three of us went to an old corral half a mile out of town where we would not be interrupted. The entire population of Nickerson would have stopped work to attend the fight had the news of it leaked out.

THEY faced each other in the old corral, Jack still smiling and Sim with the expression of a hungry gorilla. Sim was the heavier man, powerful enough to have challenged the heavyweight champion himself. But there was an alert springiness about Jack that promised stiff opposition. Not so immense of chest, but with the rangy, sinewy strength that insures endurance and capacity to deliver punishment.

They fought all over that old corral, all over each other, and for five bloody minutes it was anybody's row. Jack's display of science did not surprise me; athletic training was stamped all over him. But Sim turned out to be a master of boxing himself, which upset my calculations. He fought from a crouch, had obviously been trained to fight by men who make fighting a business.

I thought it was all over when Sim clinched, and, with his greater weight, bore Jack down against the corral fence, sending in stiff, short, choppy blows from close range with a free fist. I thought Jack would go down under the punishment, but he broke away. As he dodged he delivered a terrific right that landed on Sim's jaw. Jack had been saving that right arm of his. He shot it up from a seemingly impossible position.

Sim Irwin had to be nourished on soup for two months.

I handed Jack the check for twenty-five thousand dollars, tore up the one for twelve, and handed Sim, when he recovered consciousness, the deed to the Scruboak Basin Ranch. Even in his pain Sim hugged that deed. He gloated over it all the way to town, where we left him in charge of the doctor.

Jack Fleming smiled as he pocketed his twenty-five thousand. He asked me if I agreed with him now that a sucker had been cured. When I upbraided him for having parted with a valuable mining property so cheaply and told him I considered him a bigger sucker than ever he laughed and said:

"Oh, I wasn't referring to myself as a sucker. I meant Irwin. Don't you think he has been cured? Twenty-five thousand dollars for that tricky cattle range is certainly a sucker price, you know. Of course there may be gold on it, but if there is I have never discovered any, and I've tramped over the whole darned place while those two hoboes I hired were entertaining callers at the house. I instructed them to reveal nothing, which was easy for them when there was nothing to reveal. And I'm no mining engineer. Never said I was, did I? You two fellows just took a wild guess."

I left with Jack in his car to cash the check in the city. We are going back in a few months to see if we can't buy the Scruboak Basin Ranch from Sim Irwin for a couple of thousand dollars. Sim should be thru with mining it by that time and willing to sell at a fair price. The place will make a wonderful mountain resort and shooting lodge.

THE END.

TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

A word of counsel when the heart is in it
May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

DEAR PEGGY: I am a girl 17 years old, a blond, and weigh about 129. I have been going with a boy, 20, for about six months, and he is always telling me that he loves me and I don't know whether to believe him or not. He has been awfully nice to me and has never mistreated me, but is very jealous of me. Altho he doesn't show it in company, he doesn't want me to speak to any boys. We were engaged, but he was so jealous we broke up. I naturally couldn't stand for him to rule me in this manner. He has a car, and I drive it when I please. Daddy doesn't want me to go out alone at night with boys I don't know. If I'm not old enough now to know right from wrong, please, Peggy, tell me when I will be. My father and mother are separated and my father married again. I have a younger brother and sister and have kept house for my father for four years. This boy has been true so far and does not go with others. He says he would rather be alone than be with any one else. Tell me what to do with this jealous-hearted boy who would like to become my husband. WAITING.

It is a shame that so many likeable boys and girls possess that miserable streak of jealousy that causes so much unhappiness not only to themselves but others. It can cause all sorts of trouble before marriage and after a couple marries, it is worse than many diseases. Whenever I see jealousy lurking in any of my personal acquaintances I try to reason with them and show them how wretched they make their own lives. There are many who permit any jealous tendencies they might have, to magnify the doings of those they love to such an extent that along with imagination, perfectly innocent indulgence become horrid nightmares. You are entirely too young to be giving up all of your friends in the manner in which this young man chooses. What did your father have to say of your engagement to this young man? Did he think you were old enough to take over the responsibilities marriage brings? Reason with this man and show him how dreadfully wrong it is for him to expect you to forget all your friends merely because he wants you to. You might hint that you would not seriously think of marriage to one who felt as he does.

—

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a girl 16 years old, my height is 5 feet 2 inches and I weigh 115 pounds. I have dark brown hair, dark, sparkling eyes and fair complexion. What are my styles and colors? I am considered the best-looking girl in town and all the boys are crazy to go with me. All of my girl friends but one have quit me. How can I regain their friendship? I have been going with a boy I dearly love, but lately he quit coming to see me. I have gone with other boys since, but I do not care for them. The boys with whom I go now always talk about this boy when they are with me, and every one tells me he is coming back. Somehow I can't believe this. It breaks my heart to think of giving him up. How can I find out if he loves me? May I come again? BROKEN-HEARTED SHIRLEY.

Your size and coloring are easily brought out to the best advantage. With your fair complexion you should be able to wear most any color you choose, from the henna browns to the palest grays. There are many youthful styles this autumn, with frills and ruffles in circular effect and these would be lovely, if my mental picture of you is correct. Have you never thought that perhaps you have let the reputation of being the best-looking girl in town go to your head just a little. Dismiss all these comments from your mind and be just your sweet natural self, that no doubt was the feature which attracted the admiring glances of others in the beginning. Do not make engagements with young men who break engagements with others that they might come to see you. Of course, that would make you a little piqued if you should be disappointed in this answer. It isn't exactly the fairest thing to do. Perhaps this is the reason the young man you care for has ceased coming to call upon you. Do not depend too much upon what others tell you about his coming to you. Wait a while and if he cares at all he will return. It is only natural for one to become impatient when they are anxious for the one they love, to come to them, but keep your mind occupied by regaining those so-called lost friendships and the time will seem short.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a girl 10 years old and in love with a young man 25 years old. I think he loves me. Do you think it would be better for me to go out with him or not. I am your friend, BLUE EYES.

I most certainly do not think you should continue going out with this young man. You are much too young to be keeping company with a man of this or any other age. You have plenty of time before you in which to go about with young men.

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My Dear Peggy Parsons: My teeth have become very stained and I am quite far from a dentist. My teeth seem to be solid and I have no decay, but they stain so easily. I have tried a number of good tooth pastes but none seem to remove this. Could you tell me something I might try. Is monkey fur being worn as much this season as before? INQUISITIVE.

Some teeth naturally stain more easily than others, according to their systems. And, too, some teeth are rougher than others, small ridges almost invisible to the naked eye catching particles of food which stain the teeth. Table salt is a very good whitener, as well as peroxide of hydrogen; however, the former is more generally used and it leaves a very pleasant taste in the mouth. Be sure that you get an up and down motion in brushing your teeth as well as the side to side movement. This loosens any foods lodging in between the teeth or in the above-mentioned ridges. Many smart shops are showing frocks and coats trimmed in monkey fur. It is quite decorative as a trimming and will probably be worn for some time to come.

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Dear Miss Parsons: I am a little farmer girl 18 years old, and my greatest desire is to become a seamstress. I could sew for my neighbors, but don't want to do that. What I want to know is, are there any companies that I could sew for to make such as bungalow aprons, house dresses, etc.? Thanking you more than a thousand times, I remain, SUN SHINE.

At present I know of no companies that are placing sewing such as you desire, however, I shall be glad to keep your name on file and should I learn of any, I'll be very happy to let you know of them. Most concerns operate on quite a large scale nowadays and employ a number of women to work in their plants where such garments are made in very large quantities. Very often there appear advertisements asking for women to do sewing at home. If I were you I should answer some of these and see what they might have to offer. By sewing for your neighbors, you would be doing away with any bother of shipping material back and forth from the various factories, and I should think it would be far more profitable, as a good seamstress is always in demand.

Dear Miss Parsons: I have heard that the discharge from pimples when they are opened, cause others to come. Is this true? If so, how could I care for them after opening them? STUPID.

After opening pimples the contents should be wiped away with peroxide of hydrogen or alcohol. Both of these are very strong antiseptics and one can not be too careful in using the best when their beauty is at stake. Pimples will spread if a person is careless when opening them. Wet a piece of absorbent cotton with either of the above mentioned antiseptics and rub over the irritated surface.

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The world's latest and greatest volume on this most vital and intensely interesting subject offered at barely enough to cover cost of production, packing and mailing. Plainly and vividly explains and illustrates intimate Sex Secrets upon which the very laws of life are based. Written by authorities on the subject for brides, grooms, husbands, wives and parents.

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SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address and "Standard Sex Knowledge" will be mailed to you under plain wrapper at the reduced price. When it arrives, pay the postman only $1 and postage. Read it through as have thousands of others and you will find many paragraphs and illustrations any one of which is easily worth ten times the cost of this whole book, which you will treasure as your most intimate, instructive, and private personal possession for years to come.

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Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

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I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

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382 W Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

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TO INTRODUCE OUR OLD, MELLOW, sweet-flavored Star Brand Green River Tobacco will sell 10 pounds best grade mild smoking, $1.75. 10 pounds best grade Green River and Burley smoking, $2.55. 10 pounds best grade chewing, $3.45. A genuine $1.00 Wellington French Briar pipe free with each 10-pound order. Postage extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 15 pounds common smoking, $1.45 and postage. Kentucky Tobacco Company, Dept. 19, Owensboro, Ky.

BOOKS

HINDU OCCULT BOOKS, COURSES, INcenses, idols, crystals. Large illustrated catalogue with lesson entitled "How To Realize Any Desire" 25c. Fred Rupp, 1752 West 63rd, Chicago.

SPECIAL BOOKLETS — CRYSTAL GAZING 20c, Mind Power 25c, Psychic Powers 35c. India, 1240 Home Ave., Oak Park, Illinois.

GIRL PICTURES

"MACK SENNETT BATHING BEAUTIES" and art pictures, 7 sealed $1.00, 12 specials $2.00. Catalog illustrating 75 poses 25c (coin). Money refunded if dissatisfied. Photo Sales Co., 4975 Pingree, Chicago.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 25 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next. W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 326-338 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUTOmobile oils, roofing, to consumers from samples. Our line includes 250 necessary household products. Permanent; big repeats; profitable work; Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed or no business. Write for full particulars. Lovering Mfg. Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1769 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

"ZINGO"—$3,700 CANS SOLD FIRST WEEK. Sensational seller for general agents and crew managers. Demonstrated in minute. Sold in a minute. One dollar premium with every 50c can makes sales fast and furious. 300% profit. Automobile, truckful free. Other big sellers. Morris Applebaum made $535.00 in eight hours, another $100 in one day. Write for particulars. Write or wire quick. Foster Laboratories, Dept. 1000, St. Paul, Minn.

$412 DAILY EASY—INTRODUCING LATEST style sweaters, silk, wool and artificial silk. Also colored wool shirts for girls and young men. Every house a prospect. Going like wildfire. No sample case outfit. Don't have to take orders. We deliver and collect. Experience unnecessary. Write for our $25 per week guarantee and free sweater offer. Macnat, Dept. 1, 503 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS: TAKE ORDERS FOR NEWEST style written guaranteed hosiery. Complete line men, women, children, including silks. Written guarantee bond with every pair. Pay you daily in advance. No experience necessary. Spare time satisfactory. Outfit free. Standard Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 815, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—$18 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES. —Free auto; big weekly bonus; 300 per cent returns free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful line of dress goods. Write quick for entire set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Paul Reed, Dept. 1, 1916 Mc. Cor. 403 Madison St., Dept. 23-R, Chicago.

AGENTS—A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1,000 samples and styles sent furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing Mfg. Co., Dept. 572 Broad-way, New York.

AGENTS—LARGEST LINE OF SILK HOSE you ever saw. Latest styles and colors. Now style guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. Must give satisfaction or new hose free. Write for samples. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 4th Street, Dayton, Ohio.

100% PROFIT IN SELLING BEAUTIful Dress Goods Assortments. Write for wonderful brilliancy. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sell 50c (sold) for sample pin and agents' proposition. Nelson Co., 2523 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—LADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods, we give best. Quick returns. Prompt Mfg. Co., 12 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW WONDERFUL SELLER. OVER 100% profit. Sells on sight to every home. Needed in every home. Washes and dries windows, cleans, scrubs, polishes. Greatest year 'round seller. Write Harper Brush Works, 182 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

EARN $140 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completing 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for booklet CM-63. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BIG SALESMEN—GET NEXT TO THE big money-maker of the 1924 automobile season. Sell at sight at $2.50, cost $15 dozen. Big commission. Big commission for spare time. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk S-2, Chicago.

MAKE $47 DAILY—FINEST EXTRACTS, full formula, guaranteed. Quick sales; household necessities. Credit; sample case free. Many other offers. Privilege. Experience. B-7. Hastings, Nebr.

$100.00 WEEKLY WRITING ORDERS FOR 8 sensational $2.95 guaranteed all gift free to customer; make sales easy. Free outfit. Jackson Radcliffe Co., 1500 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

$40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Nimrod Co., Desk 1114, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS, EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. A 14 hosiery numbers, 18 neckwear patterns in Xmas boxes; largest commission; we deliver; stock all sizes; you collect and remit. Experience. Dept. 1584, S. Q. & Co., Lexington, Kentucky.

MAKE MONEY SELLING MARVELOUS NEW kinds plating, hard-as-diamonds, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Plating Process, 1123 Broadway, Room 1114, New York.

AGENTS WANTED TO ADVERTISE OUR goods and distribute free samples to consumers; spare or all time; write for full particulars. Advertising Co., 1560 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

RUMMAGE SALE MAKE $60.00 DAILY. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. Permanent; profitable. Write "Wholesale Distributors," 609 Division street, Chicago.

SELL MADISON "BETTER MADE" SHIRTS direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Repeat sales, big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

GRILL—AGENTS, $20 DAY EASILY DEMonstrating new electric grill; cooks and serves meals at the table. Write for sample and full information. Steenrod Mfg. Co., Dayton, Ohio.

ARMY SHOE AGENTS WANTED: $75 WEEK selling to wearer from sample. No experience necessary. Write Herman's Army Store, Dept. A79, Evansville, Ind.

WE PAY $50 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D-10, Parsons, Kan.

DISTRIBUTORS, INTRODUCE REFEATERS needed every home. Permanent income; no capital required. Hull Products, 183, Westboro, Mass.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, lamps, chandeliers, headlight, tableware, stoves. Complete outfits furnished. Write for booklet. 1121 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED (Continued)

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ho-Co, 2714 Dodier St. Louis.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN: MAKE and sell sterling silver name plates, numbers, checker-boards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. H. Palmer, 434, Westboro, Mass.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS, SELL a Due Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Due Co., Dept. 25, Attica, N. Y.

CAN YOU SELL FORD SIZE TIRES FOR $7.75—or cheaper? Write for our offer. The American Accessories Co., Sales Dept. 13, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW WONDERFUL SELLER, 500 PROFIT on every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. Liquid sparkling silver name plates, numbers, checker-boards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. H. Palmer, 434, Westboro, Mass.

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NEW WONDERFUL SELLER, 500 PROFIT on every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. Liquid sparkling silver name plates, numbers, checker-boards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. H. Palmer, 434, Westboro, Mass.

AGENTS—SELL GUARANTEED HOSIERY. A costs, adults, children, $1.50 up. Big profits. Tremco-Hainecut Co., 395, Cargaso, Mass.

SELL CLOTHING DIRECT TO WEARER. NO $ money required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME. YOU CAN earn $15 to $30 weekly writing showcards at home. No canvassing. Pleasant, profitable profession, easily quickly learned, by our simple graphic system. Many others making money. We instruct you and supply work. Write for Methods, Limited, Dept. 310, Toronto, Canada.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS HELP. MEN. Women. $95-$195 month. Steady. Vacation. Influence unnecessary. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 28, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to fix their lives so they can grasp chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell, trade, exchange. Ledger Ads are offered here.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE, all kinds re-silvered; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

START MIRROR SILVERING, AUTOlights, tableware. Repairs stoves, brass goods. Outfits and formulas furnished. Sprinkle Dept. 3, Marion, Indiana.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 to $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for booklet CM-63. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

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DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Good pay. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, New York.

$40 A WEEK. BOYS-MEN. BECOME AUTOmobile experts. Earn while learning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. E 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. $50-$150 WEEKLY. Travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Institute, 1968 Broadway, St. Louis.

WANTED — CONFIDENTIAL INFORMAtion from your locality. Write Association American Detectives, Department 100, Bandon, Oregon.

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS: START $133 month; examinations everywhere; coaching; questions free. Columbia Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150-$250 monthly, railroads everywhere (white) position. Railway Bureau, 125, Ludwig Bldg., N. Y.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS 17 TO 65 will write U. S. government positions, $117-$250, traveling or stationary; write Mr. Ozment, 2191 St. Louis, immediately.

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MEN—BOYS, 17 OR OVER, EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses advanced. Write Previous Detective Agency, 125, St. Louis.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET Service Work. Write National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

GOVERNMENT JOBS OPEN. $117 MONTH. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 8, Rochester, N. Y.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DEsiring plain home sewing. No canvassing. Only reliable, conscientious workers need send twelve cents for sample, information. Good Work Club, Box 1, Lynn, Mass., Dept. 3.

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. Experience unnecessary. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nilcart Company, 2215 E. Wayne, Indiana.

EARN $20 WEEKLY SPARE TIME, AT home, addressing, mailing circulars, postcards. Send stamp for information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, New York City.

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MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

TYPISTS: EARN $25-$100 WEEKLY, SPARE time, copying authors' manuscripts. Write C. Curran, Authors' Agent, C-700 Tallapoosa, Ga., for particulars.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS who invested in Texas lands. $2 may start you waiting $100 monthly, possible more. Now forming new oil and gas pools. Big profits. Existing interest in entire subdivision. Results or money back. Write today. Texas Oil Co., 611 Denrock, St. Louis, Mo.

$10 TO $50 DAILY. OIL LEASES. MAY become worth thousands. Free particulars. Gulf Realty Company, 512 Rodell Bldg., San Antonio, Texas.

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WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY kidney, bladder, prostate, skin, kidney or bladder diseases to write us for free advice. Interesting booklet and advice free and sent free, sealed. Dr. Rits Company, Suite 219 6 St. Building, Hannibal, St. Joseph, Mo.

QUICK RELIEF, INTESTINAL INDIGEStion, constipation, gall stone, colic, sick headache, biliousness. Dr. Rockell Gall Stone Compound Tablets, 25 and 50 cents at drug stores, by mail. Andala Medicine Company, Troy, N. Y.

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SOLVE THE XMAS PROBLEM — GIVE Parlor Magic and Game Of Addition; entertaining, educational. Price $1.00, U. D. Co., 1328 Lake Allen, Louisville, Ky.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Muncie, Ind.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE Business. Openings everywhere. Small investment starts you. Machines sold on Installments. No experience needed. Our manufacturing and selling plan explains instructions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Building, Chicago.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $2. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly buys 10 acres; close to land boom town. Price $200. Box 425, Carthage, Missouri.

MISSOURI LAND FOR SALE

PRODUCTIVE MISSOURI LAND CLOSE TO good town. 20 acres for $90. $5 cash, $5 monthly. Fine for fruit, poultry, 709 strawberries. Fine for fruit, vegetables, poultry and stock. Close to town. Good roads, fishing and hunting. Perfect title. Munger, 909-JJ Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo.

ARIZONA FARM LANDS

BETTER OPPORTUNITIES AWAIT YOU IN Salt River Valley, Arizona. Rich soil irrigated by the purest water. Big yields big crops. Prices of forty acres enough. Moderately priced tracts nearer town. Diversified variety of crops—alfalfa, grains, sorghums, dairying, cotton, poultry, fruits, olives, grapefruit and lemons. All-year growing season. Good schools and churches. Close to markets with good local markets. Paved roads, good auto and city streets. Electric power. Water. Winter days are days of sunshine. Here you will find health and wealth. Write for free Arizona folder. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, 823 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES $18 GUARANTEED TEN 10 years. Thirty days trial. Typewriter Company, Fordham, 230 Fifth, New York.

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AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, GARAGEMEN, mechanics, send for free copy America's popular automobile magazine containing helpful, money-saving articles on repairing, overhauling of motors, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 53 Hurley Bldg., Chicago.

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UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Interesting facts for 30. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted. Submit Manuscript MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

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PATENTS PROCURED. SEND SKETCH OR model for search. Booklet free. Prompt and advice. No charges for preliminary advice. Write for booklet and blank form on which to disclose your idea. Highest references. Clarence A. O'Brien & Hyman, Registered Patent Lawyer, 52-A Security Bank Building, directly across the street from Patent office, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should send for our free book, "How to Get Your Patents." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion as to patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. DO YOU KNOW that coin collectors pay up to $100.00 for certain dates? Send 4c for our illustrated coin circular. We buy all kinds. Send 4c at once and get what you are worth, much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

TWENTY MILLION GERMAN MARK BANKnote $1.00. Mail cash to Rivers Hicks, Kenyon, Nova Scotia.

MISCELLANEOUS

TEN CENTS TO HELP PAY POSTAGE AND advertising, gets assortment souvenir or advertising samples. Novelty Co., 306 Main, Danville, Va.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.98; ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Nice Co., Andover, Ohio.

SHEET MUSIC

YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS. 20c, stamps taken. Encore Music Co., 74 Ross, Battle Creek, Mich.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength you should consult experienced specialists. We treat and cure Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nervous, Skin, Kidney and bladder diseases. Write, call or phone for free booklet and free advice. Hess, 315 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY—JOIN THE HIGH CLASS SELECT club. Many wealthy, honorable, refined members everywhere. Confidential descriptions and photos mailed (sealed). Established, reliable. People's Club, Box 767, Los Angeles, Cal.

JOIN "LONESOMO" — LONESOME NO more. Nobody can resist ladies' names, addresses, descriptions. Send 10c and 2c for secret code. 25 word ad, paper for one year, mailed all for 25c. Dept. 1, Waterloo, Ind. City Hall Station, N. Y.

MARRY. HUNDREDS WEALTHY, LARge, good, most beautiful. Quickest results; write, be convinced. Confidential. Description free. Mrs. Rudd, Box 721, San Francisco, Calif.

ARE YOU LOVELORN? YOUR HANDWRITING tells what you are. Confidential. Send 10-line ink sample of your writing and 25c (silver) and receive your character reading. Expert. S. J. West, 41 East 42nd St., New York.

ABSORPTIVE TREATMENT FOR URINARY, prostate troubles, stricture, varicocele, unnaming results; name disease. Trial package (Male), 10c. Write Dr. Pearl Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LONELY HEARTS, JOIN OUR CLUB, BE happy, correspondence, meet thousands wealthy; descriptions, photos free; either sex. Select members. 21 years' success. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WORLD'S LEADING MATRIMONIAL CLUB — Thousands wealthy. $400,000 willing to marry. List free. Quick results guaranteed. Mrs. Phillips, Ralph, 24, San Francisco.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH all photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 32, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER — INTRODUCTIONS and descriptions—thousands want marriage; confidential. Address Southern Agency, 225, Columbus, Georgia.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of hundreds. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 81, Kansas City, Mo.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE the fuzzy roots. $10.00; superfluous hair removed forever. Write Dermatologist Sanatorium, Knapp Trio, St. Paul, Minn.

ATTENTION—LADY POSITIVELY. BE happy, let love brighten your pathway. Descriptions, photographs and Sweetheart's Guide, 10c. Friendship Club, Box 1122, Sparks, Nev.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTIseptic Leg Bandage. Describe the case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1144 Tremont Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

BALD HEADS NO CURE NO PAY. SUPERfluous hair no cure no pay. Write Mount Specialty, 1023 South Washington, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

VERY DESIRABLE, MIDDLE AGED LADY wishes correspondence with gentleman with sincere gentleman. Box 1122, Sparks, Nev.

JOIN THE AMERICAN AND SCANDINAvian—Correspond. Information in English or Swedish. Scandinavian Agency, Dept. 1000, Chicago, Illinois.

YOU CAN BE PROSPERITY WITH PICTORIAL chart showing character, talents, occupation you are suited for. Send 10c, birthdate. St. Germain Society, Dept. 11, Harrisburg, Pa.

HINDU MAGIC 65c. ALBERTUS MAGNUS Egyptian Secrets, 65c. Occult Catalog 4c. Park Publishing Co., Park Row Building, New York.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOK-let free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Oakland, Calif.

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE—PHOTOS, DEscriptions, many rich, want to marry. Gaiety Publishing Co., 1658 Broadway, New York.

MARRY PRETTY GIRLIE, WEALTH $50,000, but lonesome. Irene, Box 55, Oxford, Pa.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN — WORKING MAN — wishing to marry respectable young lady. Write, Box 1122, Sparks, Nev.

LONELY? MAKE NEW FRIENDS, MANY wealthy. Join promo Hearts Club, (A7), 29 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions, photos, Bonadde Co., Dept. 2, Kansas City, Mo.

WINTER IN FLORIDA, MARRY CHARMing lady, worth $10,000. Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

YOUNG AND PRETTY GIRL WORTH $35,000 wants to marry. Box 1122, Sparks, Nevada.

LADY RANCHER, 36, INDEPENDENTLY wealthy, will marry. S-Box 54, League, Toledo, Ohio.

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